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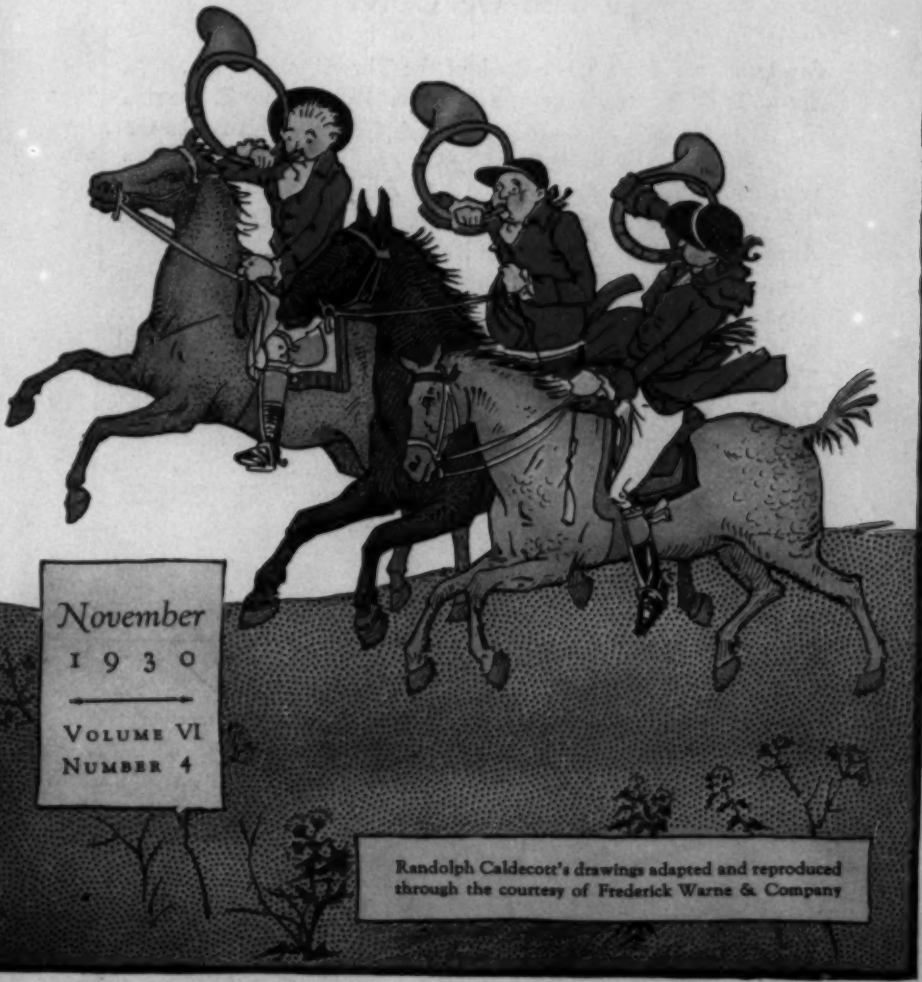

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VOLUME VI
NUMBER 4

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume VI NOVEMBER, 1930 *Number 4*

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"The next day the artist again closed himself alone in the room overlooking the hydrangea bushes. Sitting on his mat, he decided that above the white horse's head a swan should be flying. He thought of the beauty of swans and the great beating of their wings, and of how they follow their kings on mighty flights along the roads of the air. He thought of how lightly they float in water like white lotuses. . . .

"So having reflected upon the dreamlike beauty of swans, the artist dipped his brush in spring water, touched it with ink, and drew a swan."

From "The Cat Who Went to Heaven" by Elizabeth Coatsworth
(Macmillan)

From "The Book of the Three Dragons"
Illustrated by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath
(Longmans)

THE HORN BOOK

Volume VI NOVEMBER, 1930 *Number 4*

FROM THE TREASURES OF THE WORLD

By William E. Harris

SORROW awaits that boy or girl who grows up without reading, and learning to love, the folk tales and storied legends of the world we live in. The mythological heroes and heroines of ancient Greece, the sagas of the Scandinavian northlands, the Nibelungenlied, our own Anglo-Saxon Beowulf—all contribute either in characters or fables a romantic and at the same time faithful record of the past. But they are more than that. Describing in fanciful form the adventures men have lived, they also translate into imperishable colors the life which we, more prosaic figures in a workaday world, must endure and may enjoy. They are our heritage. By the degree in which we know them and understand their lovely symbolical meanings, so do we succeed in extracting from life its most permanent values and lasting satisfactions. Our very happiness might almost be said to depend upon our true knowledge of the old tales.

But there is another reason why everyone should possess at least a speaking acquaintance with the epics of our ancestors. The brave stories in themselves are but a beginning. The siege of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses were centuries old when Homer sang of them. In the same way the Arabian Nights stories and the song of Roland are probably the work of many hands. Vergil and Dante were but singing the dreams of their people, accumulated in the imagination at least over a long period of years. Even Shakespeare borrowed from many sources. His kindling genius saw the mighty thought behind the unsmooth phrases of other authors who had stumbled or had not dared, or merely labored earnestly to make a beginning. And so the

writers of our own day, when they rediscover and tell again, often in new versions, the old fairy tales and legends, are not really bringing forth the work of a single mind, but the cumulative dreams of all the ages, of those dusty middle years which have passed between ourselves and the first adventurous heroes.

THE TALE OF THE WARRIOR LORD

ONE of the finest poems to which we of the present day fall heir, is "El Cantar de Mio Cid." It well illustrates the manner in which great stories multiply themselves. The work of an unknown Spaniard, it celebrates the bold deeds and gallant chivalry of Don Rodrigo Diaz of Vivar, who lived and died in the eleventh century. The poem itself was written about 1140, some fifty years after his death. As Merriam Sherwood says in the foreword to this fine and stirring prose translation, the unknown poet must have lived near the southern border of the old kingdom of Castile. For he describes with a loving hand the geography of that part of Spain where the Moors and the Christians clashed. During many centuries the original manuscript was lost. But in 1779 a Spaniard discovered the copy made by a monk, Pedro Abad, in 1307. In the meantime dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had been writing plays of their own coinage, based more or less directly upon the "Ballads of the Cid," which in turn were the work of various writers and several gener-

From "The Tale of the Warrior Lord" Illustrated by Henry Pitz (Longmans)

ations. Of the playwrights Guillen de Castro was the most notable improviser on the Cid theme. But in France in 1636, the year when across the seas in New England Harvard College was founded and a quarter of a century after de Castro, Pierre Corneille wrote his famous play "Le Cid." This was based on "Las Mocedades del Cid," which de Castro had drawn from the "Ballads." Finally, however, the old poem itself was uncovered again and as a result in 1808 Robert Southey, the English poet, wrote the "Chronicle of the Cid." But he, curiously enough, combined by means of a very free translation the original and two other Spanish versions. And to make our interpretation still more confusing, Mary Wright Plummer, an American writer, with well meaning energy, arranged a translation based merely on portions of Southey's poem. Thus are great legends carried forward from age to age! But wisely Dr. Sherwood has now gone back to the authentic and terse old manuscript of Pedro Abad. In "The Tale of the Warrior Lord" she makes it possible for us to recapture the fresh spirit of the original, yet retain, if we wish, the opportunity of observing how its stirring rhythms have affected such great poets as Corneille and Southey.

The original author sang the story of how the Cid, Campeador or Knight of Spain, was exiled by his king; of how the hero with a few faithful comrades marched towards the Mediterranean, slaying Moors and setting up a great stewardship of his own; and finally of how after he had sent gifts to the king, he was rewarded by receiving the latter's love once more. The second and third portions of the narrative describe the manner in which the Cid's daughters, after being married to the Heirs of Carrion, were insulted by their husbands, but later revenged through the energy of the Cid's friends, who persuaded the king to call his great court and hold public trial of the erring suitors. The tale closes with the picture of Dona Elvira and Dona Sol accepting the hands of the kings of Navarre and Aragon, and the quaintly dignified final paragraph:

"He (the Cid) departed this life on the day of Pentecost. May he have Christ's forgiveness! So may we all — the good and the sinful! These are the deeds of the Cid Campeador. In this place ends the story."

I have quoted these few words because they give the spirit in which the great poem was written. There are brave deeds, the blood and dust of fighting—both by armies and by knights in single encounter—but ever in the background lurks the religious faith and simple ecstasy of the story-teller. And here again the universal quality of the old legends plays an important part. How much more may the reader enjoy the poignant moments, if he is familiar with Homer and Vergil. There are, for example, in the "Iliad" and "El Cantar de Mio Cid," other points of comparison than the farewell scenes between Hector and Andromache and the Cid and his beloved wife and children, but none more touching. And many portions of the Cid's wanderings fairly cry for a familiarity with the wanderings of home-loving Ulysses and of Æneas bearing his household Penates upon his back. Even in the surface telling the reader gains from an adequate knowledge of the older tales. Homer constantly refers to the "wine dark sea" while the Spanish poet speaks ever and anon of him "who in lucky hour was born."

BOOK OF THE THREE DRAGONS

EVEN older than the stories about the Cid are those about the gods and men of ancient Wales, and in particular concerning Manawyddan, a knight schooled by Bran Fendigaid, the father of King Arthur. In Kenneth Morris's beautiful retelling of the search for a king for the Cymry, dwellers in the Island of the Mighty, our minds are carried through an intricate pattern of mythological fantasy. We can almost visualize our age-old ancestors living on the shores of the Irish sea, seated of an evening by the hearthstone while some wandering singer chants the colorful tale, say of the "Three Singers and the Dragon-Boat," or per-

haps "The Three Subtle Crafts of Manawyddan, and the Peculiarity of being Adorned with Blue Enamel the Color of the Sky in June." For the "Book of the Three Dragons" is in the manner of Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," a compendium of many stories, which in their whole picture the enchantments of the gods and the counter-enchantments of the Thief of the Sea and his conspiring fellow devils.

From "The Book of the Three Dragons"
Illustrated by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath (Longmans)

Caught on the fluctuating sea of these mysteries, Manawyddan experiences many adventures in strange places. For example the opening story takes the reader to the Caldron of Ceridwen, the Mother of the World, and the ship bearing the Seven Chief Chieftains of the Cymry seeks the shores of the Islands of the Blessed in the West of the World.

But although these tales are far more fanciful than the dogged and straight-seeing narrative about the Cid, there is the same advantage in possessing at least a working knowledge of the universal mythology of the world; for the Islands of the Blessed bear a distinct resemblance to Mount Olympus, and in the councils of the gods Gwydion ab Don, the "most laughter loving of the Immortals," inspires one with the feeling that he must be at least a blood cousin of the winged footed Hermes. Moreover, there is the same even balance held between the powers of gods and the limitations of men, although the seers of Wales have developed this one point further. For Hu Gadarn, the mighty—a figure comparable to Zeus, discloses the fact that the gods are not all powerful. "What is lost through the deed of a Cymry, the deed of a Cymry must regain." One cannot leave this book without commenting upon the remarkably beautiful illustrations of Ferdinand Huszti Horvath. They are even lovelier than those designed by Henry C. Pitz for "The Tale of the Warrior Lord."

MOUNTAINS ARE FREE

VERY different from either of the two foregoing books is Julia Davis Adams' "Mountains Are Free." Here, as did the old writers who created the "Ballads of the Cid," the author seeks to revivify a famous tale by placing it in a new setting or arrangement. Consequently she has taken the legend of William Tell and sought to describe the differences between the Swiss and their neighbors, the Austrians, whose representative, Rudolph of Hapsburg, was elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire in 1295. He had left the mountaineers unmolested in their three cantons of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden. But then his son Albert

succeeded him and bitter hostilities ensued, ending in the famous scene in the market-place, where Tell shot the apple on his son's head, and the later defeats in battle of the Austrians by the Swiss. In showing little Bruno's life as a servant of Sir Rupprecht von Lowenhowe, knight in the service of the Duke of Valberg, the author has but assumed her natural rights of story-teller; and this is true even later when she makes the celebrated William Tell legend a part of her own narrative. Her only weakness lies in failing to make this story of fourteenth century Middle Europe as authoritative in its general background as the two tales already described.

THE SINGING SWORD

IN this book Mark Powell Hyde develops, or perhaps it should be said reverses, the scheme drawn up by Julia Davis Adams. For in addition to re-creating the atmosphere of a famous epoch in history, he invents more or less imaginary events in the lives of actual heroes, basing these closely on the old songs and stories clustering about the figure of Charlemagne. And he also contrives names for the companion knights of Sir Ogier, the Dane, who remain unmentioned in the known records. Hence where the author of "Mountains Are Free" sought only to make clearer our understanding of a famous incident, Mr. Hyde attempts to bring to life again a period shrouded in much greater obscurity.

Here once more, as in the tale of the Cid, we have knights with golden spurs facing their foemen of the Near East who menace Rome and the Empire which the Christian Church has already commenced to salvage from the destruction of Rome as a great city republic. Mr. Hyde, skillfully assisted by the drawings of Philip Cheney, tells a story which carries at least the seeds of all the other books I have described. For here are the beginnings of the Holy Roman Empire—really founded by the Frankish Charlemagne, and the Saracen kingdom that was to parallel it on the north coast of Africa until the two should clash a second time under the war banners of Don Rodrigo. And in

Ogier, the Dane, who later married a British princess, there is some thought of the old gods of the islands beyond France. Perhaps it is with an unconscious realization of this that Mr. Hyde has written his story in the thrilling manner of exciting action and idealistic chivalry, but also with that old recurring note of the universality of folklore. The moral of his book, if there be any, is plainly that these stories belong to no age and no race. The history of one nation interweaves with that of another; the facts of one generation mingle with the legends of those coming before and after. In the philosophy of Jergen, as uncovered in the realm of Poictesme by James Branch Cabell, life becomes only a temporary loan. And so similarly with these dear, delightful tales. Whatever we gather from them of knowledge or enjoyment, arises from the well-spring of our own industry and imagination as we follow them down the long, winding path of Literature.

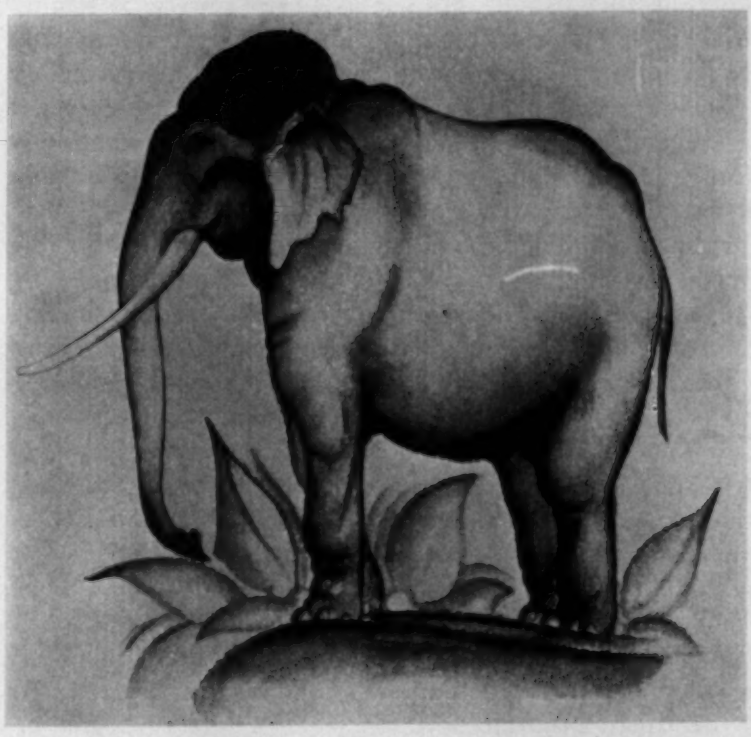
From "The Book of the Three Dragons"
Illustrated by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath (Longmans)

TO TIMBUCTOO AND BACK

Elizabeth Coatsworth's Books for Children

By Barbara Abbott

TO Morocco, and Guatemala, and Japan and back to the coast of New England — that's where one journeys with the books of Elizabeth Coatsworth. Henna-dyed heels, Aztec ruins, lotus-starred pools, salt sea breezes of Massachusetts Bay — that's what one reads



From "The Cat Who Went to Heaven"
Illustrated by Lynd Ward (Macmillan)

about in her delightful stories. And why not, for these are part of Miss Coatsworth's own experience, the background of her memories. In thinking of her books she can say, "Yes, this I did, and this I saw, and this I felt." She has

journeyed hither and yon, and poured the story of her adventurings into her children's books. She has always travelled. She can remember going up the Nile as a tiny girl, and being carried through the miles of Italian picture galleries on her father's back. She has lived in the Orient, voyaged the Mediterranean, and the Caribbean. She knows our own United States from Pasadena to Hingham.

Because she likes and understands far-off places, to her they have personalities as distinct as those individuals possess. She tries to put into her books the feeling of strange cities, their histories, their glories, their atmosphere. The readers of her books know how admirably she has succeeded.

She considers herself primarily a writer of poetry and has several volumes to her credit. A college classmate who heads the children's book department of a great publishing house interested Miss Coatsworth in the writing of books for children and persuaded her to try her hand at them. She wrote her children's books for fun, and interspersed the prose with joyous, nonsensical verse. The happy combination of prose and poetry is a second characteristic of her work, the first and outstanding characteristic being the wide range of geographical background and the presentation of true atmosphere of place as an integral part of her story.

"The Cat and the Captain," published in 1927, is the first, and to me the most humorous, although perhaps the slightest of Miss Coatsworth's books. Its setting is a New England seacoast town. As befitting a seagoing animal, the Cat was distinctly manly, even a bit tough, sometimes. He was always involved in some difficulty, just like any vigorous small boy. To tease Susannah, the Captain's bandannahed colored cook, he deposited a live mouse at her feet. A stalker of birds as a matter of principle, he jumped from the big wing chair straight at the cuckoo clock, and brought it crashing to the floor. When as a pleasant morning pastime, the Captain was painting the rail of the "Lively Ann," the Cat sprang squarely onto it. Every time he struck the deck thereafter, he made four little white paint paw marks on that immaculate

expanse. The humor lies partly in the funny incidents and partly in the fact that the Cat is endowed with as much personality as the human characters. The Captain addresses the Cat directly, and Susannah does likewise. When the Cat covèrs himself with glory by detecting the would-be thief in the spare chamber closet, Susannah addresses him thus: "I wants to 'pologize to yo' right here and now 'fo' all de people fo' all the mean things I evah done said about yo', honey," she said, shaking the Cat by the paw. Surely a handsome acknowledgment for Susannah! This treating the Cat as a human being lends humor to a pleasant little tale.

"The Boy with the Parrot" gives its child reader a truly vivid picture of life in Guatemala. An Indian boy, Sebastian, started from his little native village one bright morning, with a peddler's pack on his back, to see the world, and make the family's fortune. Through his eyes, the reader becomes acquainted with Guatemala's past and present.

Sebastian styled himself a country mouse, to whom every blade of grass seemed like a cypress. His dark eyes beheld and delighted in every strange sight and marvel on the wayside. Trading on his way, he travelled the towns that bordered the roads "like big beads on a brown string." He touched Guatemala's past through the fat, good-natured priest in Tecpan, who told him of the days when the Ancestors, the mighty Aztecs, were powerful and prosperous. The priest recounted to him, as they sat in his red-tiled courtyard, with its fountain brimming the broken rim, the coming of the Spaniards under Cortez and Alvarado, and their subjection of the proud Ancestors.

Sebastian himself encountered traces of those Ancestors in the stone serpent's head that raised itself in inscrutable dignity from a hillside, where it was once part of a temple's balustrade; and marks of the conquering Spaniard in the great churches hung with bells, and once on an old monastery wall "where the Spanish coat-of-arms of another time showed the lions of Leon and the castles of Castile." The

boy saw also modern Guatemala in Guatemala City, when he and his beloved parrot Lora peered into the shop windows filled with European wares, and took a ride on a trolley car.

The story is filled with swift pictures, such as—"He passed a village with a large church, pink as the inside of a watermelon, beside a square filled with purple blossoming trees"; or in speaking of Sebastian's women companions on the road—"their tight, bright skirts catching their knees at every step, their bodices gay with designs in scarlet, indigo or lavender, often of beasts or birds with square wings." The stories told to Sebastian by chance acquaintances on the road are an integral part of the narrative, not mere trimmings to be skipped. They give flavor and life to the whole and are a part of the tightly woven pattern.

From Guatemala to Morocco is a long jump, but we take it easily in Miss Coatsworth's magic boots, and find ourselves enthralled with the adventures of Toutou, the black and white fox-terrier whose story is recounted in "Toutou in Bondage."

Toutou belonged to a plump French woman, Madame Carrière, she of the quivering chins, and was taken by Madame and Monsieur on a trip to Casa Blanca. Toutou was stolen by a Negro, Ahmed, and taught to perform tricks together with Ahmed's monkey, Abdullah. They grew so expert that they were able to entertain the market-day crowd in the square, much to the pecuniary benefit of Ahmed.

This book, like "The Cat and the Captain," is full of humor, and some of Miss Coatsworth's gay and whimsical verse is here. When Ahmed stole Toutou, and Toutou strove for a good bite from Ahmed's shins, Ahmed sang:

"If you think, little dog,
I'm afraid of your bite,
You may be thinking,
But you don't think right!
I'm scared of nothing
That walks on four legs,
For I breakfast on KNIVES
AND CROCODILE EGGS!"

Quite another sort of cat from the buccaneering black rascal who belonged to the Captain, is the artist's cat in "The Cat Who Went to Heaven," Miss Coatsworth's new book. The artist's cat, called Good Fortune, was gentle, sweet and soft. He was white in color, with yellow spots like amber, and black spots like lacquer.

From "The Cat Who Went to Heaven"
Illustrated by Lynd Ward (Macmillan)

"The Cat Who Went to Heaven" is the story of a poor artist who was commissioned by the priest to make a drawing of the last days of Buddha, to be hung in the temple. In order properly to depict the Lord Buddha, the artist reviewed in his memory for three days the Holy One's life.

In this fashion, the life story of Buddha is worked into the narrative. After due consideration, the artist decided that the Holy One's face must be that of "one who has been gently brought up and unquestioningly obeyed; and he must have the look of one who has suffered greatly and sacrificed himself; and that he must have the look of one who has found peace and given it to others."

When the Buddha had been drawn, the artist took up the task of drawing the people and animals who were present at his death — animals which either rendered service to Buddha, or in whose forms he was once incarnated. These last represent symbolically the qualities of Buddha, such as the courage and nobility of the horse, the honesty of the buffalo, the beauty of the swan, the fidelity of the dog, the gentleness of the deer. In each case, as the artist painted the animal into his drawing, the legendary story pertaining to Buddha is told.

The cat was the only animal left out of the assemblage by the traditional tales, because of supposed unworthiness. Nevertheless, when the artist had surveyed his handiwork, and saw that the long silken roll on which he had drawn his picture contained no likeness of his cat, his little Good Fortune, he dipped his brush in spring water, touched it to his ink cake and (though he stood in great risk of having his painting rejected thereby) to show his love and appreciation and tenderness — he drew a cat. The story ends touchingly and beautifully with a miracle.

The illustrations by Lynd Ward are excellent. They look as though he, too, had, after due consideration, dipped his brush in clear water, touched it to an ink cake, and drawn.

Miss Coatsworth has thus made "The Cat Who Went to Heaven" a coherent and beautiful story of the life and legends of Buddha, done in a manner the child of Western culture can feel and understand. Her story adds richness to his mental background, bright food for his imagination, stuff for his dreams.

Sometime ago Miss Coatsworth became the wife of Henry Beston, who has contributed to children's literature "The

Firelight Fairy Book" and "The Starlight Wonder Book." Those who know the fairy tales appreciate their crystal clearness, their atmosphere of courage, goodwill, and the mystery and wonder of life. The Bestons' gift to young people is therefore a notable one. Elizabeth Coatsworth wrote her children's books for fun. They strike a note of grace, delicacy, restraint, humor. A book written for fun has a good chance of being read for fun, too,—for fun and delight and joy.

BOOKS BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH REVIEWED IN THIS ARTICLE:

THE CAT AND THE CAPTAIN (Little Library)	$1.00
THE BOY WITH THE PARROT. Illustrated by Wilfred S. Bronson	1.75
TOUTOU IN BONDAGE. With pictures by Thomas Handforth	2.00
THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN. Illustrated by Lynd Ward	2.50

All published by the Macmillan Company

1930 AVIATION BOOKS

Reviewed by ALBERT E. BAILEY

Mr. Bailey has undertaken for The Horn Book the work of evaluating the books on aviation. He is well qualified to do this and his opinion will be helpful to many librarians and others who feel at loss in selecting the best from a rapidly increasing output of this type of book.

TECHNICAL

BEGINNER'S BOOK OF MODEL AIRPLANES. Carl H. Claudy *Bobbs Merrill* $1.75

Practical, authoritative, and entertaining throughout. Nowhere, from the chapter on simple aerodynamics to the last sketch of the last model, is there a dull page. Few boy beginners will be able to resist attempting a glider model and at least two of the four fliers. Two features of this book are ever-present and splendid: its encouragement of the boy's originality; its exposition of the relationship between flying models and full-sized airplanes.

GROW UP TO FLY. Lloyd George and James Gilman *McBride* 2.50

A thoughtful, exhaustive work starting with a survey of opportunities in aviation and aviation education, and continuing with chapters on models, gliding, flying, and concluding with the requirements for the three pilots' licenses and with a more complete picture of the openings in aviation. The chapters on models, while necessarily brief in this book which embraces so much, are excellent, the drawings and text of the Curtiss Robin scale model being especially complete and careful. The chapters on gliding ably clarify the fundamentals of air movements and of both gliding and soaring. The whole book is distinguished by sanity, thoughtfulness, by an emphasis on aviation's proper essentials.

THE WORLD'S AEROPLANES AND AIRSHIPS. G. Gibbard Jackson *Lippincott* 2.50

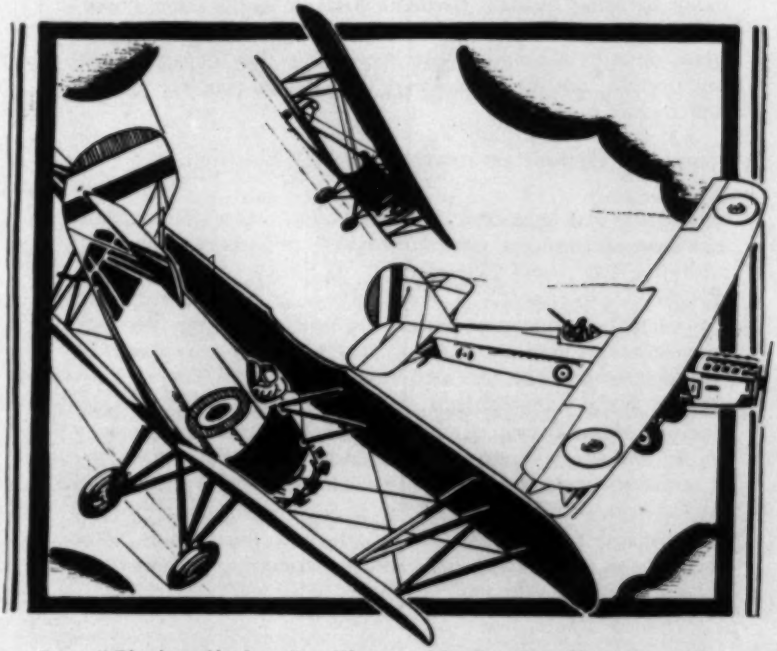
A pleasant narrative of the first fliers—parachuters, balloners, aviators—gives way to an account of the evolution of airships and airplanes, followed by a study of all types of modern craft. The book is rich in significant incidents, such as the winning of the Schneider Cup contest in 1920 with a speed of only 107 miles an hour. The American boy should enjoy particularly the "Thrilling Trips by Air" and the description of European airports and planes. I think the book is not ideal in arrangement; it does not grow out into a balanced picture.

EVERYMAN'S BOOK OF FLYING. Orville H. Kneen *Stokes* 3.50

A treasure for the boy or man interested in the technicalities of aviation. It is authentic; it is complete and yet concise. One has no doubt that the author knows his subject; one is grateful to him for his efficient arrangement and expression. It is hard to pick out the most interesting portions of this meaty book, but "Birds, Models, and Kites," "Navigation," "Types of Airplanes," "Safe Aircraft Competition," "Engines," and "The Packard Diesel Aircraft Engine" are full of excellent stuff.

FROM THE GROUND UP. William A. Simonds and Fred L. Black *Doubleday* 2.00

A new way—to me—of teaching boys and entertaining boys about aviation. It is made alive by fictionization. The hero, Pat Callahan, a likeable boy, is introduced to officials of the Ford Company, to such celebrities in flying as Captain Hawks. Pat asks Mr. Stout, designer of the Ford-Stout trimotor, many questions about plane construction, and Mr. Stout replies with clear words and sketches. We had our best time in this excellent book, I think, when we followed young Pat through the Ford plane factory, listening to little essays on duralumin and production, and looking at photographs. But hearing Colonel Emmons tell him about war days and Liberty motor production was exciting, too.



From "Playing Airplane" Illustrated by Frank Dobias (Macmillan)

THE SEVEN SKIES. Harry F. Guggenheim *Putnam* 2.50

Authoritative, thrilling, beautifully clear collection of eight essays dealing with every significant phase of aeronautics. This is a book which any man or older boy should read with benefit and delight.

THE BOOK OF GLIDERS. Edwin Way Teale *Dutton* 2.00

The best book of its kind that I have seen. Any boy with the slightest interest in gliding would find it invaluable. Especially noteworthy is the picturesque, careful study of air currents. "The History of Gliding" and the chapters dealing with the actual construction and operation of various glider types are also excellent. Throughout the book one continually comes upon words of warning or caution which are valuable and which illustrate, too, the author's sense of responsibility.

COURIERS OF THE CLOUDS. Edward Shenton *Macrae* 2.50

This story of the air mail is rich in adventure. Beginning with "Before the Airplane," an historical sketch dealing with such delightful things as M. Nadar and his balloon in the War of 1870, the book takes us to the surprisingly ignominious beginnings of the air mail, and finally, by means of anecdote and exposition, gives us a picture of the air mail today, carrying its loads from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and even winging south to the distant Argentine. The illustrations, done by the author, are good when they depict planes and terrain, not so good when they depict people. It is a worthwhile book.

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AVIATION. John Goldstrom *Macmillan* 4.00

Again, the best book of its kind that I have seen. The author has done an immense amount of work, and has done it splendidly. I was most interested in the story of the Wright Brothers' experiments at Kitty Hawk, a story everywhere brightened by quotations from the writings of the Wrights themselves. I had not realized before how much laborious, courageous scientific research they carried on. The account of the Wright-Smithsonian dispute, the war stories of such men as Major Bishop, Richtofen, Fonck, Guynemer, the story of European air lines, of the round-the-world flight, of the Lindbergh flight, are all excellent, but so are the yarns about the American air mail, and the handicaps wrought by politicians and poor planes, all of which acquires more force because of the author's first-hand experience. A noteworthy book.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT. Lieutenant D. W. "Tommy" Tomlinson
Macrae 3.50

Contact! Here is a gusty, whizzing, rip-snorting saga that more than once yanks the reader to the front edge of his chair, that often drops him back again, weak from laughter, and that, in its chapters on Formation Flight and Managing an Air-Line, teaches him much amout the technique and business of aviation. Let "Tommy" tell it:

1. (A forced landing in a "Jenny" training plane.)

"Olive Avenue, one of the main thoroughfares of Coronado, lay directly below me. The old chariot was rapidly executing that gesture which all planes with a dead motor perform: coming down—and coming down fast. Main thoroughfare or no main thoroughfare, we were heading for the center of Olive Avenue! Well—I had to park it somewhere, didn't I? . . .

"The sun had been up long enough to soften the pavement of Olive Avenue. Instead of disintegrating, therefore, this JN made a perfect three-point landing. . . . Then she bounced, leaving her trademark on the macadam with each jolt.

"At the top of the first bounce the second group of telephone wires tickled my hair, which was by that time standing straight up. . . . Nothing, apparently, was going to make that plane quit flying.

"Down the center of Olive Avenue she went, a scant five feet above the pavement! Along the side of the curb some of the City Fathers had thoughtlessly planted a row of trees. These clipped the JN's wings for about three feet off each overhang. . . .

"I began to wonder if anything on earth would make it come to a stop. Doors began to open along the side-walk. Wild-eyed faces whizzed past, a pale blur on the landscape. Directly before me lay a street intersection. Should I put out one arm to signal a left turn, or drop it at an angle to indicate a dead stop?

"A Ford truck came into view on the right. He had the right-of-way. No doubt about that. But what the devil was I to do about it?" . . .

2. (Test of a Dive Bomber, carrying a 500-pound bomb—a test carried out before Admirals, lesser officers and "Tommy" when he was Chief Test Pilot for the Navy.)

" 'Look, he's starting his dive!'

"The dot headed straight down. It was travelling at tremendous speed. From a tiny speck, high in the heavens, it grew in the twinkling of an eye into a silver bullet, racing earthward. Then we heard the roar of the motor. From the time the dive started until that roar became audible we estimated the plane had dropped at least four thousand feet.

"Terminal velocity! That point in a dive at which the head resistance equals the combined weight and power of a plane. The roar continued but his speed, so far as we could determine, remained about the same. Terminal velocity had been reached; his downward speed was somewhere between 350 and 400 miles an hour!

"Suddenly the thing we had all been dreading happened. No one spoke. First a flash of something bright and shining left the plane. Then, almost at once, we saw a bare fuselage, dragging behind it a tangled mass of wreckage, which had been the wings but a moment before. The roar of the motor changed to a sickening whine.

"Hearts beating like trip-hammers and scarcely a man breathing, we stood transfixed, staring mutely upward. Somewhere in that

wreckage which was hurtling earthward was a brave and skillful pilot. *Good God, would he never jump?* His parachute was now his only chance at life. What was wrong?" . . .

Isn't that a nice place to leave off and go to supper? The book is rich with humor like (1) and with thrills like (2). The book is the more entertaining and exciting because one always realizes the author, one of the country's best fliers, knows what he's talking about.

FICTION

SILVER WINGS. Raoul Whitfield *Knopf* $2.00

A collection of thrilling, authentic yarns of the air, with characters and backgrounds well drawn. Of the three groups, Wings of War, Wings of the Mail, and Wings of Transport, I think the first group is the finest, with one story, The Camera Shoot, perhaps at the top of that list. Wings of Transport lacks something of the convincing characterization and surely-painted background of the first group, but offers the reader a picture of aviation as it exists today. As a whole, the stories are far above most air tales, and deserve great popularity.

AVIATION STORIES (Retold from the St. Nicholas) *Century* 1.25

Another superior collection, with "Challenged," by A. M. Jacobs, "Be Back at Eight-thirty," by C. H. Claudy, "The Last Laugh," by Harry Starkey Aldrich, topping the list. Tom Langford's "Solo" loses force by its improbability, as does "The Mightiest Eagle." "The Secret of Crater Butte" has unconvincing character. The illustrations are splendid, but the frontispiece depicts a monoplane of a type which, I think, never saw combat in the war. In general, a literary and engrossing book.

PARTNERS OF THE AIR. Richard Howells Watkins *Appleton* 2.00

A story of two chums, pilot and mechanic, who look forward to the time when, armed with a limited commercial license and a reasonably good plane, they can earn money by barnstorming. The book contains some thrilling chapters, some hearty humor, and occasionally some good characterization. An entertaining but not outstanding book for boys, with some portions so good that one grieves that the whole is not a little better than it is.

THE SKY GIRL. Dorothy Verrill *Century* 1.75

The school and home and air and Yale-Harvard adventures of Susan, as she and her chum Patty watch planes, ride in them, save the day for their school in one, and thrill again

and again at the manner and accomplishments of Bud Wheelock, the football coach. The setting and characterization are good, especially in glimpses of Susan with her father and mother and brother; and the story of Susan's dream of a pilot's license, and her final winning of the license, is gripping. The girl reader will learn, in spite of herself, much

From "Playing Airplane"
Illustrated by Frank Dobias (Macmillan)

about aviation and about the makes and types of planes. The author has studied the subject, has presented it well. Her depiction of activities at a certain airport are so convincing that I strongly suspect, the author's denials notwithstanding, that the scene is Brainard Field at Hartford, Conn. A girl with any interest at all in aviation should enjoy this book. It deserves much better illustrations than it has been given.

HAUNTED AIRWAYS. Thomson Burtis *Doubleday* 2.00

Here is a gem among tales of air adventure, a breath-taking drama, laid in the U. S. of 1985, and so well backed by characterization and intelligent, imaginative application of scientific knowledge that the reader feels himself drawn into the story. Five-hundred-passenger planes, their electric motors deriving power from power plants on the ground, whiz across the nation at 300 miles an hour. Some strange thing comes through the air above the Mohave, time after time, and stops the motors of Jeffrey Donaldson's air liners, and the plot begins. We are shown the great Union Airdrome of New York, with thousand-passenger planes starting for Europe, little hundred-passenger ones setting out for South America, while the sky above roars annoyingly with the sport rocket ships of students. Let's watch Jeffrey Donaldson, the appealing main character, take off for the West—for the threat over the Mohave:

> "As his turn came, Jeff pressed the slot release on his wings and, as though by magic, their lifting surface was doubled. He swung into place, turned off the little taxiing propeller and pressed the first of six buttons on the stick. Low, muffled explosions from the rear of the ship got it under way. He pressed button number two and then number three. The explosions became like the roll of a drum and the squat little monoplane fairly leaped ahead.
>
> "It was in the air within fifty feet. Button four, and he had withdrawn the slots and the ship was streaking toward the sea. Button five, and it was climbing like an arrow at 450 miles an hour as he banked westward." . . .

And let's see Jeff and Holmesdale, in their same rocket plane, as they confront the tiny torpedo-shaped craft of the enemy, which has been launched upward by the thrust of a catapult concealed in a desert shack:

> "It was still in that terrific climb, arching upward like a huge bullet. That ray of light shot out and caught the tip of his (Jeff's) right wing. It seemed to melt a line across the wing tip. One small piece of metal fell off.
>
> "Jeff bawled one word into Holmesdale's ear and then, using both hands on the wheel, lifted his ship in a right hank and a zoom combined. A second later, as the outlaw ship curved to the right, he was above and behind it. . . .
>
> "The other plane was almost on a level with him now, so proud of its invulnerability that it disdained to make any maneuver. Just climbing, climbing—
>
> "All the judgment of speed and distance that a short lifetime in the air had given him went into Jeff's next move. Traveling at a thousand miles an hour himself, with only a few precious seconds left, he calculated the spot to meet another ship going seven hundred and fifty miles an hour. Straight for that spot he hurtled."

Mr. Burtis uses a skillful device to illustrate the change in New York City:

> "He (Jeff) gazed out over the city absently. Manhattan Island was a forest of skyscrapers intermingled with huge piles of stone, some of them four blocks square. Within these great structures were small cities of busy people. It seemed funny to think that there had been a time when people had actually lived in separate houses in cities, and that even manufacturing had been done within the borders of a metropolis."

A tale of high adventure which is heartily recommended.

JIMMY FLIES. Dorothy Heiderstadt *Stokes* 1.00

Entertainment for small boys. Original, appealing, well and amply illustrated.

PLAYING AIRPLANE. John F. McNamara *Macmillan* 2.50

A splendid piece of work, ably illustrated by Frank Dobias. Many a youngster will get a thrill, I know, as he climbs into his home-made "Make-Believe Plane," sets his wooden "throttle" and his bent-nail "spark lever," and shouts, "Contact!" "What Holds Up An Airplane" is a simple, entertaining glimpse into the wonders of aerodynamics. The whole book —text and pictures—is an intelligent, understanding, successful attempt to teach youngsters and to amuse them. It is the best book of its kind that I have seen.

FROM MARTIN PIPPIN TO TOM KITTEN

By Helen Dean Fish

OF what good is summer wandering if not for recollection in drear November, to savor again the joys of sun-drenched Downs, leafy lake-sides, and talks with friends of the journey? And when among those friends are the writers of "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" and "The Tale of Tom Kitten," one thinks of them often. Neither book could have been written by any but a rare and delightful person.

On the Downs, Findon

We left London for Amberley at nine o'clock one June morning with heavy knapsacks but light hearts — Eleanor Farjeon, Emily Street and I — to begin our two-day walk through the Martin Pippin country of the Sussex Downs. While we were changing at Sutton, Miss Farjeon discovered a calf lying miserably encased in a burlap bag on the platform. A penny's worth of salt at the refreshment stand, and she was down on her knees, soothing the frightened animal and trying to divert its mind with kind words and salt. It would none of the salt, but its brown eyes looked less terrified and

we were glad when we read the tag around its neck, showing its destination to be not a butcher's but a farm near a Downs village.

It was exactly eleven minutes past eleven when we started up from the tiny station in a chalk-pit and after stopping in Amberley village to buy bread and cheese, cress and fruit for our noonday meal, climbed to the lovely, high, rolling Downs. Miss Farjeon had to slip through the village unostentatiously, for all the villagers are her old-time friends and neighbors, and if she had been discovered we might not have begun our walk that day.

Near our first dew-pond, sitting on the springy chalk-turf among the tiny, multitudinous flowers of the Downs, we ate our luncheon, sniffing the fine, soft air and looking away to the South where miles off the Channel gleamed like blades of light on the edge of the horizon. It was there that Eleanor named our calf Gabriel, for he served as a heavenly messenger to cause us to buy salt, without which our tomatoes and cress would have gone saltless. And here Eleanor must have thought the lines she wrote down that night:

Bread and lettuce for my fare,
An orange for my drink,
Taken in the open air
When on the grass I sink,
Taste better than the richest meat
That diners in the town do eat.
Hey ho, for sup and bite
When wind and sun give appetite.

Twopence worth of poor man's cheese,
With butter fresh and good,
And I'll go down upon my knees
And give my thanks for food.
For I have fed with keener zest
Than those who feed upon the best.
Hey ho, for sup and bite
When wind and sun give appetite.

Below us lay the Wildbrooks, dear to every reader of the lovely story of *Young Gerard,* and later that afternoon we saw Gerard's barn and in the distance Farmer Gilman's very orchard where Martin Pippin told the tales that make the most perfect book of love-stories ever written for young girls. On we went over the Downs tracks, surprising rabbits at play, speaking occasionally with a shepherd, and when a skylark rose up singing before us we stood still and listened to that marvel.

It was when we were growing thirsty toward tea-time that Eleanor cut a hazel bough to see if either Emily or I were a "dowser"—a Sussex word that we had never heard, meaning a water-diviner. Here are the verses that Eleanor wrote that night about it:

> It was three jolly dowsers walked over the Downs,
> Helen and Em'ly and Me,
> It was three jolly dowsers walked over the Downs
> With the fork of the hazel tree.
> For Me it turned up and for Helen turned down,
> Wherever the water be.
>
> And for Em'ly it turned not up nor down,
> Loud though the stream might call,
> But straight as when cut it stayed in her palms,
> And would neither rise nor fall.
> My nose turned up and Helen's turned down,
> For she wasn't a dowser at all!

But Emily sour-grapishly declared that it was not *running* water *she* wanted, but hot, in a teapot, so we found it in a charming little garden in a Downs village where "teas" were "provided," and ended the day with a sharp climb up to Chanctonbury Ring and a lovely descent toward evening, through flocks of sheep, to little Findon. There was only one room at the tiny inn, so we searched the village for a bed for Eleanor and found it at last in a cottage with "pretty Betsy" growing in its dooryard. A bright-eyed

little woman said she would be glad to take us if we'd only give her time to "turn the bed around," which we found later meant fresh linen. After a late supper, served by the most entrancing little Sussex maid imaginable, and *nearly* hearing a nightingale in the inn garden, we went to sleep without needing to count sheep.

"The tree at the left is at the gate in the wall where Tom Kitten fell off, and the road turning left is the one the Puddleducks paddled along."

A view of Sawrey.

Next morning, after a delightful visit with the village baker's wife while we were buying "oddments" of bread for our wayside lunch, we started on again, and that day did another thirteen miles, resting at tea-time under the trees at Combe Ivy and coming at sunset along the river to Arundel, where we lodged in grandeur at the Inn below the Castle. There Eleanor wrote a letter to Rachel Field about our adventures, for Rachel had been invited to walk with us and would have, had she not been flying about with "Hitty" in the West. It was while she was writing the letter that I saw for the third time a thing I had noticed before: *Eleanor Farjeon always smiles while she writes,* her face alight with mischief or tenderness or beauty. I like to think of her having written "Martin Pippin," *The*

King of Tripoli, the lovely poems of "Come Christmas" and the gay "Tom Tiddler" with that smile of happiness-within that can't help giving happiness to her readers.

Two weeks later, by way of Edinburgh—oh, lovely, lovely Edinburgh and Swanston and Loch Lomond!—we came to the English Lakes, where Beatrix Potter Heelis lives in the very loveliest bit of Westmoreland, between Windermere and Coniston Water. She had bidden us to tea and we found her cottage with the help of her letter, a telephone conversation, a helpful boatman and the driver of the bus that climbed her hill. Mrs. Heelis had explained in her letter: "The motor bus comes up the hill every hour —which the fairies do not like; but undeniably it is convenient for mortals," and we found the way as beautiful with wild foxglove as she had promised. Her garden was gay with lupin and roses and she was at the door to welcome us and presently took us upstairs to the room where she writes. It has wide open windows through which "sheep-talk" drifts in from the meadow below and a door looks out toward the Fairy Wood. Just the tips of the trees show above a hill. Below in the yard was a cart that looked like the fairy caravan itself. It was there that Mrs. Heelis told us, sadly, that Pony Billy, who used to graze on that hill, is no more, and that Sandy only six weeks ago had been lost, probably by a fall down a hidden quarry hole when he was hunting sheep on the hills. But later, after tea, we saw and petted the sleepy guineapig, Tuppenny. Mrs. Heelis said she feared that only people who had visited her and seen the places and characters of "The Fairy Caravan" would enjoy the book, but we assured her to the contrary.

It was a great treat to see the original drawings for "Peter Rabbit" and "Mr. Jeremy Fisher" and "Tom Kitten" and the sight of these familiar pictures, somewhat larger and brighter than they appear in the books, convinced us again that there is no one illustrating books for children with quite the same charm and knowledge of childhood that is Beatrix Potter's.

When I told Mrs. Heelis that of all her books "The Tailor of Gloucester" has always been my favorite, she smiled and told me of the time long ago when she printed the first edition of that story herself because she could not find a publisher who cared to "risk" it. And she brought out a copy of that first edition—a little pink book with some pictures that are not included in our present edition, and put it in my hands to keep, after she had written my name in it and hers. And *she* smiled while she wrote, too!

After that she showed us in her china-cupboard some of the very cups that Simpkin hid the mice under on Christmas Eve when the Tailor of Gloucester sent him out to buy a penny'orth of cherry-colored twist.

Then we went across the road to see Hill Top Farm—which is Tom Kitten's house—and up the very walk he and Moppet and Mittens came down to sit on the wall, and saw the very place where he fell off and lost his buttons when the Puddleducks came along. It is in this farmhouse attic that the thrilling events of "The Roly-poly Pudding" took place.

While we were very happily walking about the tiny village in a gentle rain—we enjoying all the affectionate greetings that the villagers gave their well-loved Mrs. Heelis—we talked about children's books in America and all that is done here by children's librarians and intelligent parents to emphasize their importance and see that children have the best. It was then that Mrs. Heelis spoke of Miss Bertha Mahony and expressed a hope that some day she should see her, to fulfill a friendship already delightful through years of correspondence and Miss Mahony's present kindness in helping to sell some of Mrs. Heelis' original drawings for her land fund.

We left the village of Peter Rabbit and his lovely creator with many backward smiles and wished that we might come again to that kindly place soon. But to have seen Eleanor Farjeon and Beatrix Potter Heelis somehow made us more than content to come home to our job of helping to make children's books as beautiful and fine as they can be made.

ASTRONOMY

By W. Maxwell Reed
Author of "*The Earth for Sam*"

WE are living in a period when we like to analyze forces and determine if possible their strength and their rate of change. A very interesting force, and one which is much discussed, is that which is trying to break down superstition. Apparently with greater knowledge of man's true place in the cosmos, superstition begins slowly to vanish, and no other subject deals so directly with man's place in the universe as astronomy. The history of that science reveals how persistent have been man's efforts to dispel the darkness of ignorance which has always surrounded him. However, during all these ages of recorded history the human race has been devising ever more powerful search lights and penetrating farther into the dark unknown abyss around us. Geologists, physicists, chemists, and astronomers have all helped, but perhaps the leaders in this effort have been the astronomers. From time to time astronomers have encountered the wrath of the ignorant and superstitious. Recently, however, they seem to have become immune to criticism and all the rocks are being hurled at the poor biologist, who is unwilling snobbishly to deny man's relationship to the animal kingdom.

Those who are interested in the progress of human knowledge will probably find that the history of astronomy gives a very good outline of man's struggle for intellectual freedom; for it brings out stage by stage the interrelation of all things. The history of astronomy gives an interesting outline of the expansion of human knowledge, by making clear how man has extended his conception of the universe

as far into the depths of space as he has back into the countless ages before the sun was formed, and how during this epoch of mental growth he has become more and more aware of the interdependence of all things.

It has been claimed that the year 1859 was a crucial period in this modern development; for at that time Darwin, by the publication of the "Origin of Species," showed the relationship of all living things and at about the same time Kirchhoff and Bunsen took the first steps in the proof that all stars are likewise "cousins," for they are made of the same material. "Now for the first time was revealed the unity of nature of every microscopic living cell of the organic world, and the unity of nature of every telescopic cell of the sidereal universe. At last a new scientific Revelation enabled man for the first time to envisage with a measure of clarity his true position in the cosmos." ("The Great Astronomers".)

From the books by Sir A. S. Eddington we find that three dimensional space, velocity, height, and time are all related —all functions of one another. Only a few decades ago one would have been regarded as crazy if he had said that time was a function of velocity, or that a body grew heavier with increased speed and at the same time grew smaller in volume.

Of course, the old gods still look down upon us from the constellations. As we look up at Aldebaran in Taurus, we think first, perhaps, of the primitive myth connected with the worship of the bull when Taurus was at the vernal equinox several thousand years ago. Then we realize that Aldebaran is a young star—a vast globe of gas—so large that if it were in place of the sun, it would extend beyond the orbit of Mars. As it grows older it will grow smaller, denser, and whiter. In order to keep shining it hurls thousands of tons of itself into space every second, so that it is always growing lighter as it grows older.

Thus astronomy is not only associated with the very oldest traditions of our race, but also it indicates the future history of the middle-aged sun and its offspring the earth.

It may be possible that as a result of researches now being conducted by astronomers, we may learn the cause of the great ice ages which from time to time have scarred the earth and disturbed the animal kingdom for hundreds of millions of years. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that astronomers may some day predict either an approaching cold period or an exceedingly warm interval when Greenland would be covered with luxuriant vegetation, and Florida would have tropical heat even in winter. Astronomy deals in long periods. Thousands of years would be its unit of time if it undertook to establish a solar system weather bureau.

But astronomical changes which affect mankind have not always the majestic slowness of a geological period. It is possible for frightful catastrophes to come to us from the clear blue sky. Two thousand years ago or more, Arizona must have been shaken to its foundations when a meteor or a group of meteors struck the earth with such force that there exists to this day a crater nearly a mile in diameter and several hundred feet deep.

Three or four thousand years ago the Babylonians established the foundation on which modern astronomy has been built. They gave us the zodiac, the sequence of eclipses, and the three hundred and sixty degrees in a circle. Their interest, however, was largely based on superstition. They hoped to be able to foretell human events by a greater knowledge of the movements of the sun, moon and stars. Few people now are befuddled enough to believe as the Babylonians did; but yet we do look to astronomy to help us find the causes of the climatic changes in the past and perhaps to predict some day such changes in the future.

THE GREAT ASTRONOMERS by Henry Smith Williams	*Simon & Schuster*	1930	$6.00
THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD by Sir A. S. Eddington	*The Macmillan Co.*	1928	3.75
STARS AND ATOMS by Sir A. S. Eddington	*Yale University Press*	1927	2.00

SPACE, TIME, AND GRAVITATION by Sir A. S. Eddington
The Macmillan Co. 1921 5.00

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US by Sir James H. Jeans
The Macmillan Co. 1929 4.50

EOS OR THE WIDER ASPECTS OF COSMOGONY by Sir James H. Jeans *E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.* 1929 1.00

THE TWO SOLAR FAMILIES, THE SUN'S CHILDREN, by Thomas Chrowder Chamberlin
The University of Chicago Press 1928 2.50

MODERN ASTROPHYSICS by Herbert Dingle
The Macmillan Co. 1924 8.50

ECLIPSES OF THE SUN by S. A. Mitchell
Columbia University Press 1923 3.85

HEAVEN AND EARTH, A MODERN ASTRONOMY, by Oswald Thomas *W. W. Norton & Co.* 1930 2.75

AN INTRODUCTION TO ASTRONOMY by Forest Ray Moulton
The Macmillan Co. 1921 3.25

METEORS by Charles P. Olivier
Williams & Wilkins Co. 1925 6.00

THE UNIVERSE OF STARS. Edited by Harlow Shapley and Cecilia H. Payne
Published by the Observatory, Cambridge, Mass. 1929 2.00

THE PAGEANT OF THE STARS by William J. Luyten
Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929 2.50

LABORATORY ASTRONOMY by Robert Wheeler Willson
Harvard University Press 1.40

BOYS' BOOK OF ASTRONOMY by G. D. Swezey and J. H. Gable
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1929 2.50

ROMANCE OF THE PLANETS by Mary Proctor
Harper & Bros. 1929 2.50

ROMANCE OF THE MOON by Mary Proctor
Harper & Bros. 1928 2.50

ASTRONOMY, 2D ED., by J. C. Duncan
Harper & Bros. 1926 3.75

The two decorations are from "The Sun's Diary" Illustrated by Frank McIntosh (Macmillan)

SIXES AND SEVENS

By Lucile Morrison
Author of "*The Attic Child*," "*The Blue Bandits*," etc.

"A PACKAGE of books! Come on, everybody. Perhaps they're for us."

"They're for *me!*" Lee announced. "Mother says so. They're for my sixth birthday."

"All those books?" Dick was scornful with the superiority of almost nine. "Why, you can't even read!"

"I don't care, I'm learning. You boys choose your own birthday books and Mother says I'm big enough to choose mine."

Wayland settled the matter with ten-year-old efficiency. "Well, we can look at 'em anyway. Come on. I'll carry them to Mother's room, Dick can use his knife to cut the string and Lee can take off the paper. That's fair." He deposited the bulky load on the floor beside my desk and placed a restraining arm about the youngest member of the family, a plump two-year-old to whom a package offers all the temptations of Pandora's box.

Dick cast an appraising eye at the bright jackets and odd shapes stacked before him as Lee stripped off the wrappings.

"Oh, they're baby books!"

"How do you know?" Wayland jabbed him with a warning elbow as he caught my reproachful look. "Your 'Alphabet of Aviation' looks like that but it's not for babies."

Dick subsided with a curious eye on "Peter Pocket's Luck." As Lee turned the pages, he caught sight of a violin and it happens that Dick plays a violin far better than he reads.

Proudly Lee spread the books on the floor, looking critically at the general make-up of each. He was pleasantly conscious of the audience eying his treasures enviously and of my maternal eye watching his selection with frank curiosity. When the third son in a family of four boys manages to capture the center of the stage, he is apt to make the most of his opportunity.

Lee is a strange mixture of solemnity and wit. His droll humor hides behind a mask of sensitive dignity, to flash out at such unexpected moments he seems very like a Pixie in our midst. He loves books and longs to be able to read, but in

From "Beppo the Donkey"
Illustrated by Rhea Wells (Doubleday) *See page 324*

spite of a vivid imagination — or perhaps because of it, he usually prefers books of fact to those of fancy. More vital than grown-up fantasy is the stuff of which his own dreams are made.

With quiet assurance he began to place the books in two piles, pausing now and then to hug one close in his arms.

"Mother, you said you would read the ones I liked best, then I could choose for keeps. Let's try this one. It has a dragon in it and will make you laugh."

"Liang and Lo" by Kurt Wiese had taken his fancy at first glance. To this he promptly added "Little Tooktoo, the Story of Santa Claus' Youngest Reindeer," by Marie Ahnighito Peary, illustrated by Kurt Wiese, "The Secret Cave" by Florence and Howard Everson, and "Hansel the Gander" by Katharine Kuebler. The others he put aside temporarily after scrutinizing the pictures in each. Only two were placed permanently in the discard.

It is difficult to make a small child either analytical or articulate for the benefit of his elders, but the books had been selected for a purpose.

"Why don't you like 'Mother Goose Land'? It is written by a man who lives in the South Sea Islands and has a seven-year-old son of his own."

"Then why doesn't he write about things children don't already know? I'd *like* to hear about the South Sea Islands."

"Perhaps his little boy prefers make-believe."

"But any one can make-believe about Mother Goose," he dismissed the subject impatiently. "And about wooden pigs, too." He shoved aside Walter Lindsay's "This Wooden Pig Went With Dora." "I guess those books are for babies like Keith."

Lee's explanation of his first choice was simple: "Liang and Lo" looked "funny." "Little Tooktoo" was about reindeer — real reindeer — and Santa Claus. The juxtaposition was irresistible. As for "Hansel the Gander," it had colorful, unusual pictures and promised a glimpse of some far-away land.

Strangely enough, after all the books were read and enjoyed, "Little Tooktoo" remained his favorite, with "The Secret Cave" and "Liang and Lo" struggling for second place. "Timothy and the Blue Cart" had replaced "Hansel the Gander," which failed to provide the information concerning a far country which he — and I — had expected to find. He liked the pictures, but the story left him unimpressed. It is a quaint description of gander nature and the pictures give a tantalizing glimpse of a Bavarian village; yet there is little in the text to make the story characteristically Bavarian. Perhaps the Petershams have spoiled us by their ability to pack a picture-book full of information as colorful as their illustrations. Lee listened politely, then remarked with obvious disappointment:

"Oh, I thought it would be like 'Miki'. Let's give it to Keith." Which is his way of saying that to a child of two, three or four it might prove highly satisfactory, but to an older child ever on the look-out for vicarious experiences with which to widen his own horizon, the book fails to fulfill the promise of the pictures.

Lee expressed the same regret over the text of "To Market! To Market!" The lettered pages troubled him. He is learning to read and even the familiar one-syllable words did not wear a friendly face. The sketches he studied attentively. At the mention of the farmer "who was driving by in his tilt-cart," he stopped me.

"Where is the tilt-cart? I can't see any."

Rather unsuccessfully I tried to supply for him the rest of the cart omitted in the drawing. He demanded more accurate knowledge than I possessed: why is it called a tilt-cart, because it has two wheels and is tippy, or because the top tilts back and forth? Does it have little wheels like the milk cart or big ones? Again when we reached the boat "sailing on the canal between the trees," he remarked sadly:

"There's a sail but no boat. I *did* want to see what a Dutch boat looks like!"

For grown-ups and older children, Emma Brock has

caught the spirit of Holland in every line of face and figure, every suggestion of costume and background. Even a small child, for whom the story is obviously intended, could not fail to absorb something of that atmosphere, though the type of drawing is a bit sophisticated and takes for granted certain things a child longs to see in detail.

The selection of "Little Tooktoo" as the prime favorite was approved by the entire family. It is a privilege to read a book in which fact and fancy, both in text and illustration, are so nicely blended that one in no way violates the other. The small reader drifts from reality to fantasy as naturally as in his own dreams. I suspect that it is the magic of Kurt Wiese which is largely responsible.

One of Lee's most treasured books during the past year has been "Karoo the Kangaroo," and the older boys were quick to recognize the resemblance between Little Tooktoo and the wistful Bambi. There is in the drawing of Kurt Wiese a quality which convinces a child of his sincerity. He has not only knowledge but understanding. His animals live and breathe; even those glimpsed in passing, the hare, the seal, the wolves, are as real as Prancer and the small hero of the tale.

Whimsical humor is his, as well as pathos. His "Liang and Lo" is one of those colorful picture books which a ten-year-old loves to read aloud in a dramatic voice to a small brother, who literally shouts with glee when the snorting buffalo plunges into the dragon with such unexpected results. Surely Lee is not the only one who will greet the closing lines with the request:

"Oh read it again! *Please* read it again — right now!"

"The Secret Cave" is a clever combination of fact and high adventure, written for the unqualified enjoyment of any small boy between the ages of six and ten. Here are all the qualifications for a "big boy's book," so satisfying to any younger son striving in vain to compete with the intellectual superiority of his slightly-elders. Here is adventure so thrilling that you cannot wait to see "what comes

next," yet so plausible it might happen even to you or me. Here are provocative pictures which lure you on and lots of "conversation" to make reading easy for those whose literary appetite is greater than their speed of consumption.

From "Little Pig Robinson"
Illustrated by Beatrix Potter (McKay) *See page 322*

Above all, there is the joy of reading about something true, of finding a new underground world, not of the imagination but of reality. Stalactites and stalagmites, all the fairy caverns which lie beneath our feet where underground

rivers weave their way; buried treasure to be found and the possibility of transforming a small boy's flashlight into an Aladdin's lamp.

"Wanda and Greta at Broby Farm" was voted a girl's book. The boys were not held by the story, though the striking pictures caught their eye and aroused their curiosity. It is a story which children of eight or nine could read to themselves with ease. I was sorry that the similarities between the play of Swedish and American children should have been stressed to the exclusion of such interesting material as the Maypole customs suggested but not described in the opening chapter. The simplicity and spontaneity of the children's make-believe, the freedom of their days, must impress both mothers and daughters of "high-pressure" American environment. One wonders if the American child of six or eight will read of this leisurely life with envy or boredom. She may resent the lack of plot which makes the book a series of incidents rather than a unified story, but if she has not yet been completely standardized by the enforced routine of modern child-life, she will draw a long breath of delight at finding herself in a land where pleasures are the natural outgrowth of garden, field, sunshine and storm, and the comradeship existing in an unhurried home.

Talk of farm life brought us to "Timothy and the Blue Cart," by Elinor Whitney. What a contrast to Broby Farm, trim, prosperous, an accepted part of the children's life and the life of a nation as well. Holiday Hill is, after all, a much-loved relic of a passing day. Aunt Patsy longs to recreate for her three small charges the country she herself knew as a child, there in the large rambling house on the top of a hill, "set in the midst of wide open spaces, filled with fresh mountain winds and capped with a great depth of sky. This was the 'country' about which Polly, Patsy and Poddy had heard as far back as they could remember." . . . But after all, "what good is a barn when it only has an automobile in it?"

"Timothy and the Blue Cart" is a delightful realization

of what we all long to do: bring back for the benefit of our children the rural beauty, the simplicity of living, the remembered joys of another day. But at best we are champions of a lost cause, not so consistent as the versatile horse-trader who would rather "pass out with the hosses" than sell automobiles! Here is all the beauty of the New England back-country in a time when "farms are not what they used to be." Yet Elinor Whitney has done far more than picture the reminiscent joys of farm life, for she has placed within the grasp of little children the poignant tragedy of a changing world. More vital than the joy of haying has she made the pathos of Benjamin's struggle to make thirty-four dollars and twenty-nine cents tide him over a New England winter. Even a child of six must sense the beauty of such courage, such simple generosity, such loyalty, and feel with Poddy and his sisters the joy of helping keep a roof over Benjamin's head and supply "oats as scarce as hen's teeth" for Timothy.

Perhaps "Timothy and the Blue Cart" and "Peter Pocket's Luck" appealed so strongly to the boys because they stress national rather than international friendship. After all, when you move into a new neighborhood, it is the small-boy-over-the-back-fence with whom you make friends first, and you are more interested in his home-made coaster than in his baseball which is just like yours. Adults are apt to take it for granted that the political unity of the United States has existed long enough to eradicate most of the sectional differences of thought and tradition. Through our public school system children seem to learn the same things, taught in much the same way, therefore it is assumed that they play the same games and face the same problems of childhood. As a matter of fact, a child's play, as well as his responsibilities, are peculiarly the product of environment. Peter Pocket in his Tennessee mountain cabin, where school is a coveted privilege, is as far removed from my boys on a California orange ranch as the children of Broby Farm, and in this case arouses their sympathies much more.

The making of hominy, the felling of a bee tree, the treat

From "The Little Pilgrim to Penn's Woods"
Illustrated by Esther Brann (Longmans) *See page 323*

of mounting the circuit rider's horse, the glimpse of a boy from the other side of the mountain who was a "know-nothing" through no fault of his own, create a picture which leaves a deep impression on even the grown-up reader. Actual want, where the providing of meals is a problem, where a child must go cheerfully to school wrapped in a shawl because rain has poured through a hole in the cabin roof and drenched his only suit of clothes—there is stark reality with no suggestion of ugliness, there is the courage which made Peter believe that "nothing's too good to be true." The Song-Maker's songs are full of rhythm and simplicity, and the music welling up from the heart of a boy through his violin as it had come from the heart of his father in verse, must bring a new conception of music to many a child who laboriously and often rebelliously "learns to play."

It does not need the jacket to tell us that May Justus teaches a mountain school and that she herself once studied by the flickering light of pine cones. For she knows the Tennessee mountains and she knows boys. She realizes that a child still unable to read long words asks of his books that they add to his knowledge, bringing him ideas as well as entertainment, and some understanding of a world quite different from that in which he himself lives. I only wish she had described such games as "William Trimble Toe, Kitchen Furniture and Huckle-Buckle-Bean-Stalk." Even the names are unfamiliar and suggest tantalizing possibilities for a rainy day.

It is raining now, the first showers of a California Fall—I can hear the drops flick lightly against the window pane. The room is very still, filled with the friendly silence of happy absorption. Lee has made his choice and gone to bed, his birthday treasures clasped tightly in his arms: "Little Tooktoo," "Liang and Lo," "Timothy and the Blue Cart," with "The Secret Cave" to follow as soon as a ten-year-old brother has finished it. Dick is curled up on the couch, deep in "Peter Pocket's Luck." The combination of a violin and poetry has overcome his reluctance to read to himself and he

has not stirred for an hour. Father has finished the evening paper and is chuckling over "The Ark of Father and Mother Noah" as seen by Maud and Miska Petersham.

"Time for bed!" I shatter the spell of that fireside hour.

"Eight o'clock, boys. You can finish those books tomorrow."

"Oh, Mother, just two more pages—"

Whereupon Father looks up from his book to quote, with mock solemnity, from the already familiar text:

"'Father Noah was a *very* good man. Mother Noah was a *very* good woman! . . . But 'there were some other people in the story who were more bad than good. They were not important so'—"

"No Picture!" shout the boys as they dash for their respective rooms, for, thanks to the Petershams, a new family by-word has been born.

BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ARTICLE

LIANG AND LO by Kurt Wiese	*Doubleday*	$1.50
LITTLE TOOKTOO by Marie Ahnighito Peary	*Morrow*	2.00
THE SECRET CAVE by Florence and Howard Everson	*Doubleday*	1.50
HANSEL THE GANDER by Katharine Kuebler	*Morrow*	2.00
MOTHER GOOSE LAND by James Norman Hall	*Houghton*	1.75
THIS WOODEN PIG WENT WITH DORA by Walter Lindsay	*McBride*	2.00
TIMOTHY AND THE BLUE CART by Elinor Whitney	*Stokes*	1.50
TO MARKET! TO MARKET! by Emma L. Brock	*Knopf*	1.75
WANDA AND GRETA AT BROBY FARM by Amy Palm	*Longmans*	2.00
PETER POCKET'S LUCK by May Justus	*Doubleday*	1.50
THE ARK OF FATHER AND MOTHER NOAH by Maud and Miska Petersham	*Doubleday*	2.00

From "Noddy Goes A-Plowing"
Illustrated by Mary Baker (Duffield)

NEW BOOKS OF THE FALL, 1930

Supplementary to the list in the August Horn Book and not including many books covered in reviews in this number. Compiled by Elinor Whitney assisted by Alice H. Barrett, Elizabeth F. Blackledge, and Elizabeth J. Merrill on the Children's Level of the Bookshop.

Picture Books and Simple Stories

See also those Mrs. Morrison has written about, beginning on page 308.

Baker, Margaret. NODDY GOES A-PLOWING *Duffield* 2.00
A charming story of how the lad Noddy wins the plowing match. Illustrated with many fine silhouettes by Mary Baker.

Baruch, Dorothy. BIG FELLOW AT WORK *Harper* $1.50
Illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader.
A well-written story of the great steam shovel, Big Fellow; how he builds the dam, the tunnel, and the garage.

Beskow, Elsa. AUNT BROWN'S BIRTHDAY *Harper* 2.50
Translated from the Swedish by Siri Andrews.
THE TALE OF THE WEE LITTLE OLD WOMAN *Harper* 1.25
Translated from the Swedish by Marion Woodburn.
Two bright picture-story books which are simple and satisfying.

Bigham, Madge A. SONNY ELEPHANT *Little* 2.50
Pictured by Berta and Elmer Hader.
A story of jungle animals, especially of a little elephant, which with its gay pictures will delight small boys.

Brown, Neva Kanaga. THE UNCLE AMOS PUPPET SHOW *Doubleday* 1.25
A fascinating story of a marionette show and the children who watched and heard the tale of the Princess Babette. The pictures are delightful.

Carrick, Valery. ANIMAL PICTURE TALES FROM RUSSIA *Stokes* 1.50
Simple folk tales with the author's amusing black and white pictures sprinkled plentifully through the pages.

Charles, Robert H. A ROUNDABOUT TURN *Warne* 1.50
With drawings by L. Leslie Brooke.
The toad of Albury Heath goes out to see whether the world really is round. Mr. Brooke's many pictures in color and black and white are full of humor and intriguing details.

Clement, Marguerite. ALL THE WORLD IS COLOUR *Farrar* 4.00
Pictures by Purie and Germaine L'Hardy.
Text in French and English. A picture book of the rainbow colors.

Dombrowski, Baroness Katrina von. JUST HORSES *Macmillan* 3.50
Eighteen large full page (10½ x 7½) pictures of horses. A page of text opposite each picture describes the finest types of horses.

Fall, C. B. THE MODERN A B C BOOK *Day* 2.00
Fine pictures of the achievements of the modern world—O is for Oil Well, P is for Parachute, S for Skyscraper.

Gawthorpe, Grace B. CANARY VILLAGE *Stokes* 1.00
It was a gay, noisy place, "Canary Village," with lots of things happening all the time. Marty, Gretchen and Peterkin loved the village dearly, and never tired of the birds or of nice old German Hans.

Hader, Berta and Elmer. PICTURE BOOK OF MOTHER GOOSE *Coward* 3.50
A great many pictures, a generous number of them in color, make this a most attractive Mother Goose. Some music is included especially in the section "Games to Play in the Mother Goose Way" and "Some Lullabys to Play and Sing."

Hyer, Helen Von Kolwitz. STORIES BY SEASONS *Jones* 1.75
Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall.
Stories of animals and plant life told for very young children.

International Kindergarten Union. TOLD UNDER THE GREEN UMBRELLA *Macmillan* 3.00
Pictures by Grace Gilkison.
The best versions of such old tales as "Three Billy Boats Gruff", "The Pancake", "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse" etc., selected by the Literature Committee of the I. K. U.

King, Marian. KEES *Harper* 2.50
Illustrations by Elizabeth Enright.
Brightly colored, lively pictures with an entertaining story of Holland and taffy-haired Kees.

Lathrop, Dorothy P. THE FAIRY CIRCUS *Macmillan* 2.50

This book we have not seen but we are awaiting it with interest, for it is done according to a secret plan treasured by the artist for a long time.

McNeer, May, and Lynd Ward. STOP, TIM! THE TALE OF A CAR *Farrar* 1.50

A picture story book of how the little automobile Tim began his mad run, for with the brake broken there was nothing to stop him and so he will go forever. The splendid pictures are likely to please older rather than younger children because of the precipices!

From the Berta and Elmer Hader edition of "Mother Goose" (Coward)

Morrow, Elizabeth. THE PAINTED PIG *Knopf* 2.00

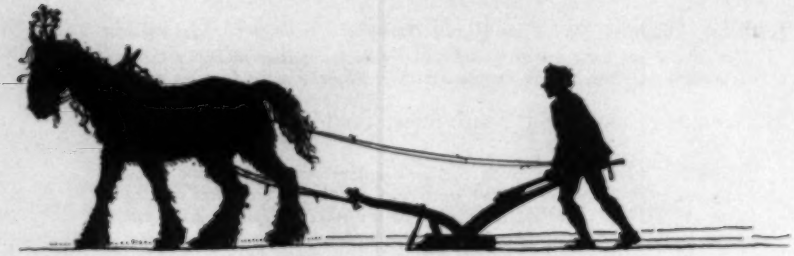
Pictures by René d'Harnoncourt.

A simple story of Mexican children with fascinating and distinguished pictures.

Olfers, Sibylle V. WHEN THE ROOT CHILDREN WAKE UP *Stokes* 1.50

With text by Helen Dean Fish.

A picture book of green meadows and bright flowers showing the Root children revelling in the joys of spring and summer.



From "Noddy Goes A-Plowing" Illustrated by Mary Baker (Duffield)

Orton, Helen Fuller. GRANDMOTHER'S COOKY JAR *Stokes* 1.50
Here are an understanding grandmother, and friendly, happy grandchildren. A pleasant, ordinary story with large type and simple words.

Potter, Beatrix. THE TALE OF LITTLE PIG ROBINSON *McKay* 2.00
Illustrated by the author.
The hero of this chuckling story is the pig who went to live in the land of the Bongtree but he was brought up in Devonshire with his aunts Miss Dorcas and Miss Porcas at a farm called Piggery Porcombe. Some of Miss Potter's most enchanting pictures are in this book.

Stoddard, A. A GOOD LITTLE DOG *Century* 1.00
Illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader.
A puppy acts heroically to save a rag doll. Well pictured.

Walker, Edith B., and Mook, Charles C. TALES OF THE FIRST ANIMALS *Farrar* 1.50
Illustrations by Jane Banning Bartley.
Simple stories of the prehistoric animals, some in verse.

Weaver, Annie Vaughan. FRAWG *Stokes* 1.50
"Once, way down South, there was a little five-year-old boy named Frawg." Amusing stories of Frawg, his Ma, his Pa, and his six brothers and sisters who all lived in a cabin in the middle of a cotton-field.

Wood, Marni and Harrie. SOMETHING PERFECTLY SILLY *Knopf* 2.50
A picture book with limericks which has a spirit of clever fun.

"Little Girl" Stories

Ashmun, Margaret. SUSIE SUGARBEET *Houghton* 2.00
A simple story of a little girl whose parents belong to a vagabond group of beet-growers. Susie is shy with children who possess more than she does, but pleasant things happen and at the end Susie is happy and content.

DeHuff, Elizabeth Willis. FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS *Houghton* 1.75
Illustrated by Fred Kabotie.
A fanciful tale of the adventures of five little wooden Katchinas which come alive while little Blue Flower sleeps.

Phillips, Edith Calvert. LITTLE RAG DOLL *Houghton* 2.00
Harriet Ann just wasn't made to play with dolls; so Dilly, a cuddly, old-fashioned doll, ran away.

Martin, Dahris. AWISHA'S CARPET *Doubleday* 2.00
Tunisia is the home of Awisha and the story is quaint and gay, moving with a pleasant naturalness from one small happening to another.

Robinson, Mabel Louise. ROBIN AND TITO *Macmillan* 2.00
Illustrated by Eloise Burns.
A good story of a little English girl in Sicily and of how she became firm friends with Bianca and her donkey Tito.

Other Countries, Other Times

See also the Mexican Books as presented in Mr. Friend's article on page 340.

Albert, Edna. LITTLE PILGRIM TO PENN'S WOODS *Longmans* 2.00
Illustrated by Esther Brann.
The story of little Selinda's journey from the old world to the new is told with much richness of background and a pleasing skill in characterization and incident. A story which will interest especially girls under ten.

Bowles, Ella Shannon. HUBERT THE HAPPY *Lippincott* 1.75
Eighteenth Century France. The period is well-done but the story is marred by footnotes explaining in some detail the meaning of such terms as "falconry," "donjon," etc.

Darby, Ada. HICKORY GOODY *Stokes* 2.00
Martha and her family move out west in the early years of 1800. Martha is a grave, pleasant child who takes in a quiet way the adventures that come to her. Well-written, for younger children.

Davis, William Stearns. LIFE IN ELIZABETHAN DAYS *Harper* 3.50
"A picture of a typical English community at the end of the sixteenth century." Illustrated with old engravings and pictures. Excellent material.

Gray, Elizabeth Janet. MEGGY MACINTOSH *Doubleday* 2.00
A thrilling tale of a Highland lassie who runs away from Edinburgh to the Carolinas. Well-written and exciting with a good historical background.

McNeer, May. WAIF MAID *Macmillan* 2.50
Illustrated by Lynd Ward.
Against the dark background of witchcraft and the dangerous life of the road in Germany of the Middle Ages, Mrs. Lynd Ward tells the story of young Elsa Muller. Albrecht Durer's home in Nuremberg becomes her refuge from the witch-hunters' clutches.

Malkus, Alida Sims. THE DARK STAR OF ITZA *Harcourt* 2.50
A remarkably good story of a Mayan Princess who by sacrificing herself to the Rain God saves her people.

Moon, Grace. THE MISSING KATCHINA *Doubleday* 2.00
Illustrated by Carl Moon.
A Pueblo Indian story with a strong flavor of mystery. For children eight to ten.

Sterne, Emma Gelders. LOUD SING CUCKOO *Duffield* 2.00
Chaucer, the English country folk, and the nobles people a story which is fresh and vivid in its background but labored in its construction. For younger readers.

Younger Boys Will Like These Stories

Colt, Terry Strickland. KNIGHTS, GOATS AND BATTLESHIPS *Doubleday* 2.00
A Story from Malta. Illustrated by Marjorie Flack.
A pleasant story of the home life of a Maltese boy, perhaps a little long, but natural and interesting nevertheless.

Eipper, Paul. ANIMAL CHILDREN *Viking* 2.00
Clear word pictures of animal-babies that come from the sympathetic, close observation of the author. Excellent photographs by Hedda Walther.

Kästner, Erich. EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES *Doubleday* 2.00
Translated by May Massee. Illustrated by Walter Trier.
Emil is hot on the trail of Herr Grundeis who robs him on his journey to Berlin and he catches the "pig dog" with the efficient help of Gustav and his gang. All the boys are alive and the story is a grand and glorious exposé of boy wit and grim determination.

Perkins, Lucy Fitch. THE INDIAN TWINS *Houghton* 1.75
Beaver Boy and Pigeon the twins lived in an Indian village among the hills of the great Northwest.

Slaughter, Charles E. HAHTIBEE THE ELEPHANT *Knopf* 2.00
Illustrations by Ferdinand H. Harvath.
Not very convincing in animal psychology but a good story of how an elephant learned to obey and to serve man.

Wells, Rhea. BEPPO THE DONKEY *Doubleday* 2.00
A story of Sicily and a small boy and his donkey. The donkey had the gayest harness and cart in the whole village.

From "Emil and the Detectives"
Illustrated by Walter Trier (Doubleday)

While Older Boys Will Like These Adventures in Out of the Way Places

See also Mr. Bailey's article on Aviation Books, page 290 and Miss Jordan's on the books of Stephen Meader, page 347.

Bailey, Albert. THE CALL OF THE RIO BRAVO *Little* 2.00
Illustrated by Henry Pitz.

A vigorous story written out of the author's own experience in Brazil. A boy leaves college, works his passage to South America, and finds work at a lumber camp. There he discovers an ability to build bridges and takes part eventually in a revolution. While the book is obviously a first one, it is notable for its sympathetic drawing of Brazilian workmen,—there is an unusually fine negro in the group—and the clear description of conditions of life and work in South America.

Ellsberg, Edward. THIRTY FATHOMS DEEP *Dodd* 2.00

By the author of "On the Bottom" and introducing the salvaging of sunken treasure.

Harper, Theodore Acland. HIS EXCELLENCY AND PETER *Doubleday* 2.00

The faithful intelligent boy Peter of "Siberian Gold" and "Kubrik the Outlaw" figures prominently in this interesting and exciting story of intrigue in connection with engineering work in Siberia.

Smith, Freelove. TRADING EAST *Little* 2.00

A story of the opening of trade in Russia. The facts have been taken from Hakluyt's Chronicles. Interesting largely for a fresh handling of an important historical period.

Williamson, Thames. OPENING DAVY JONES'S LOCKER *Houghton* 2.00

The story of a boy who is taken on a scientific expedition in Caribbean waters and has the opportunity to learn much of sea life and methods of scientific work.

And These of Indian Life and Adventure

Fraser, Georgia. THE WHITE CAPTAIN *Little* 2.00

An extremely well-constructed narrative based on historical facts concerning Captain John Smith—his colonization of Jamestown, and his love for Matoka (Pocahontas), the beautiful Indian princess. The characterization in the book is especially well done, and the description of the customs and activities of the various Indian tribes is good.

Gaither, Frances. THE PAINTED ARROW *Macmillan* 2.00
Illustrated by Henry Pitz.

An interesting adventure story of young Jacques who comes as a cabin boy with the early French colonists to Louisiana and finds that he is pledged to live with the Indians and learn their language.

Hubbard, Ralph. QUEER PERSON *Doubleday* 2.50
Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt.

The poignant tale of an old Indian granny, most despised member of the village, and the deaf and dumb waif she adopts. The tribesmen dub him "Queer Person." In spite of his handicap he quietly goes about changing their opinion of him, then a miraculous thing occurs and he becomes the most respected young brave of the village. A fine story.

From "Queer Person"
Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt (Doubleday)

Schultz, James Willard. WHITE BEAVER *Houghton* 1.75

The first traders to break with the American Fur Company and to make their own alliance with the Indians became finally life-members of the Blackfeet Tribe. This is the story of the son of one of those traders who after his fourteenth year knows no other life but the Indian. Similar in interest and style to others of Mr. Schultz.

Robinson, Gertrude. WHITE HERON FEATHER *Harper* 2.00

Elizabeth Converse and her daughter spend sixteen years (the daughter's lifetime) in captivity with the Kennebis Indians on the Kennebec River, Maine. They decide to flee to save the daughter from marriage with an Indian brave. The story (based upon much research into local archives) tells of the escape and all the adventures involved.

Skinner, Constance. REDMAN'S LUCK *Coward* 2.00

The white boy, Tuck, is captured by Indian tribes near a fur-trading post in the Northwest. He races from one adventure to another throughout the story and in the end becomes a clever surveyor for the white fur-traders. A good thrilling tale.

From "Beppo the Donkey"
Illustrated by Rhea Wells (Doubleday)

Stories of Family Life and School

Carroll, Gladys Hasty. LAND SPELL *Macmillan* 2.00
Decorations by William Siegel.

A realistic story of family life on a New England farm with good characterization but with some inconsistencies of plot.

Pier, Arthur Stanwood. THE BOY FROM THE WEST *Houghton* 1.75

A good school story which features a "bloodless revolution" between athletics and work for the school magazine.

Price, Edith Ballinger. THE FORK IN THE ROAD *Century* 2.00

A story of an interesting family, especially of twins, Faith and Fiona, who grow up closely and fear the "fork" which may come in their road of life.

Roberts, Mary Newlin. STORIES OF THE YOUTH OF ARTISTS *Crowell* 2.50

Stories of twenty artists who achieved their fame and position after a prolonged struggle. Not a distinguished book but it will serve as an introduction to art for many young people.

Robinson, Mabel L. SECOND BOOK OF BLUE RIBBON STORIES *Appleton* 2.50

Stories chosen from magazines by members of Miss Robinson's juvenile writing class at Columbia. A wide variety of college, mystery, dog, adventure and fairy stories is included in this year's collection.

Roche, Mazo de la. PORTRAIT OF A DOG *Little* 2.00
With eighteen illustrations by Morgan Dennis.

An appreciative biography of her little black Scotch terrier, Bunty, very moving in spite of the restraint with which it is told.

Rosman, A. G. JOCK THE SCOT *Minton* 2.50

Contrary to its title—this story is principally about the English with Jock playing a secondary part. It will amuse older girls who enjoy stories of country life in England—with a bit of hunting, dogs and matchmaking mixed in.

From "The Nutcracker of Nuremberg"
Illustrated by Else Hasselriis (McBride)

True Stories of Fine Experiences

Bechdolt, Frederick R. GIANTS OF THE OLD WEST *Century* 2.00
Quick, strong sketches of the traders, pioneers and gold-hunters who developed the West. Material not before available to young people has been included.

James, Will. LONE COWBOY *Scribner* 2.75
Illustrated by the author.
The life story of the master of "Smoky."

Lansing, Marion F. GREAT MOMENTS IN FREEDOM *Doubleday* 2.50
In these clear, forceful sketches men of all ages are represented at the moment when they have cleared away obstacles and stand out in the light of freedom.

Ricker, Elizabeth M. SEPPALA, ALASKAN DOG DRIVER *Little* 3.00
The story of an unusual man who understood huskies and raised the finest in Alaska. Full of dramatic incidents which make the man and his life-work thrilling.

Villiers, A. J. BY WAY OF CAPE HORN *Holt* 3.50
The true story of a voyage in the Finnish three-master Grace Harwar, the last Cape Horn full-rigger in the Australian trade. The message from Queenstown upon arrival reported the voyage as "uneventful" but Villiers shows the heroism and tragedy manifested in such long and dangerous voyages.

Fanciful Tales and Old Tales of Romance

Some of the most distinctive are reviewed by Merriam Sherwood on page 334 and William Harris on page 275.

Colum, Padraic. ORPHEUS, MYTHS OF THE WORLD *Macmillan* 5.00
Twenty engravings by Boris Artzybasheff.
A scholarly and valuable contribution to the study of mythology both in the retelling of the myths and the discussion of their significance and characteristics.

Crew, Helen Coale. SINGING SEAMAN *Century* 1.75
Virgil's Aeneid has been quite capably retold for younger readers.

Davis, Mary Gould, Compiler. A BAKER'S DOZEN *Harcourt* 2.00
Decorated by Emma L. Brock.
Thirteen stories to tell and read aloud, brought together because each has stood the test of children's interest and approval in story hours in the Public Libraries of New York.

Dumas, Alexandre, père. THE NUTCRACKER OF NUREMBERG. *McBride* 2.50
Translated by Grace Gingras.
Illustrated with silhouettes by Else Hasselriis.
A delightfully amusing Christmas fairy tale with fine silhouette illustrations.

Farjeon, Eleanor. TALES FROM CHAUCER *Cape & Smith* 3.00
Twelve full color illustrations by W. Russell Flint.

The whole of the Canterbury Tales done into excellent prose with such omissions and compromises as are fitting to the purpose of the book namely—"that it may be read, and a taste for him be got by people (especially young people) who would never try to read the foreign language of his English, and so would miss forever something of the fun, the beauty, the wisdom, the humanity, and the romance, in which he stands among our poets second only to Shakespeare."

Irving, Washington. THE BOLD DRAGOON AND OTHER GHOSTLY TALES *Knopf* 2.00
Selected and edited by Anne Carroll Moore. With decorative diversions by James Daugherty.

A well planned book which brings together six stories of a kind to read aloud before a fire on a stormy night and guaranteed even as Peechy Prauw's story of the black fisherman to make the auditors remain "with open mouths and outstretched necks, gaping like a nest of swallows for an additional mouthful."

From "Tranquilina's Paradise"
Illustrated by Thomas Handforth (Minton)

Lebermann, Norbert. NEW GERMAN FAIRY TALES *Knopf* 2.00
Illustrated by Margaret Freeman.
Amusing modern stories which the author wrote for his own children. For 9-11.

Mason, Arthur. THE WEE MEN OF BALLYWOODEN *Doubleday* 2.50
With illustrations by Robert Lawson.
Two stories of rollicking Irish fantasy in which the wee men have great adventures on land and sea.

From "The Gypsy Caravan"
Illustrated by Harrie Wood (Doubleday)

Olcott, Frances Jenkins. WONDER TALES FROM GOBLIN HILLS *Longmans* 2.00
Illustrated by Harold Sichel.
Short imaginative tales and legends from Germany, full of local atmosphere.

Parrish, Anne. FLOATING ISLAND *Harper* 3.00
This laughable story of the Doll family shipwrecked in the South Seas is sure to be one of the favorites of the year and we believe of many years.

Pease, Howard. THE GYPSY CARAVAN *Doubleday* 2.00
Illustrated by Harrie Wood.
A fanciful story in which two children join a gypsy caravan and travel on strange roads where they encounter heroes and adventures well known to them through stories. An interesting book which succeeds in a difficult task—that of making children and book characters mingle in a freshly creative way.

Pogány, Nandor. MAGYAR FAIRY TALES *Dutton* 2.50
From Old Hungarian Legends. Illustrated by Willy Pogány.
A fine decorative book of fairy tales.

From "The Wee Men of Ballywooden"
Illustrated by Robert Lawson (Doubleday)

Purnell, Idella and John M. Weatherwax. WHY THE BEE IS BUSY AND OTHER ROUMANIAN FAIRY TALES TOLD TO LITTLE MARCU BY BABA MARITZA *Macmillan* 1.75
Illustrated by Helen Smith.
Short stories which mingle successfully old fairy tales with every day child life. Attractive in make-up.

Pyle, Katharine. TALES FROM NORSE MYTHOLOGY *Lippincott* 3.00
Illustrated by the author.
Twenty-five old Norse legends well retold.

Smith, Susan. TRANQUILINA'S PARADISE *Minton* 2.50
Illustrated by Thomas Handforth.
Tranquilina is a toy angel and she leads the other toys of old Don Pancho to Paradise along with Chivo the deer and Ramiro the parrot. A very choice story with true Mexican beauty in its conception and fine illustrations.

New Editions

Chambers, Robert W. CARDIGAN *Harper* 2.50
Illustrated by Henry Pitz.

Diaz, Abby Morton. POLLY COLOGNE *Lothrop* 2.00
Introduction by Bertha Mahony.

Diaz, Abby Morton. WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS *Lothrop* 2.00
Introduction by Anne Carroll Moore.

Dickens, Charles. PICKWICK PAPERS *Dodd* 5.00
Pictures by C. E. Brock.

Nesbit, E. THE FIVE CHILDREN *Coward* 3.00
This contains "Five Children and It", "Phoenix and the Carpet," and "Story of the Amulet." Sure to be satisfactory to anyone who knows the "Bastables."

Otis, James. TOBY TYLER *Harper* 2.50
New Edition with pictures by Richard H. Rodgers.

Rollins, Philip Ashton. STORY OF JINGLEBOB *Scribner* 2.50
Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.

Benét, Stephen Vincent. JOHN BROWN'S BODY *Doubleday* 3.50
Illustrated by James Daugherty.

Lamb, Harold. BOY'S GENGHIS KHAN *McBride* 2.50
Edited and adapted by James Gilman. Illustrated by William Siegel.

Moore, Thomas. LALLA ROOKH *Dial* 5.00
Illustrated by Ben Kutcher.

Plays, Poetry and Song

Asquith, Herbert. PILLICOCK HILL *Oxford* 2.50
Verses set to Music.

Field, Rachel. PATCHWORK PLAYS *Doubleday* 1.25
A group of five plays by Rachel Field—one being the dramatization of her story Polly Patchwork. The plays are amusing and can be produced effectively.

Hutchinson, Veronica S. FIRESIDE POEMS *Minton* 2.50
With illustrations by Lois Lenski.
A nice selection of poems but not a distinguished contribution to a child's bookshelf.

Myers, Susanna. FOLK SONGS OF THE FOUR SEASONS *Schirmer* 1.75
Harmonized by Harvey Officer.
A fine collection of folk songs well arranged and well chosen.

Sandburg, Carl. EARLY MOON *Harcourt* 2.50
Decorations by James Daugherty.
A representative selection for young people of seventy of his poems.

Shannon, Monica. GOOSE GRASS RHYMES *Doubleday* 2.00
Illustrated by Neva Kanaga Brown.
A few of these verses are unusual but as a whole the collection is disappointing.

"Little Green-eyed Monsters
Never let their brows grow tall.
But cheery, peery as the birds,
They never know it all.
'We never know it all!
Our learning unencumbers.
Sque wee double wall, spells squall!
We haven't any numbers!'
And you
Can't help
Liking them."
From "Goose Grass Rhymes."

From "The Wee Men of Ballywooden"
Illustrated by Robert Lawson (Doubleday)

Williams, E. Harcourt. TAILOR OF GLOUCESTER ADAPTED FROM THE STORY OF BEATRIX POTTER *Warne* .50
This will make a delightful Christmas play for little children.

STORIES OF ANCIENT HEROES

Reviewed by MERRIAM SHERWOOD

RAMA, THE HERO OF INDIA. Dhan Gopal Mukerji. *Dutton,* $2.50
RUSTAM, LION OF PERSIA. Alan Lake Chidsey. *Minton, Balch,* 2.50
THE IVORY THRONE OF PERSIA. Dorothy Coit. *Stokes,* 3.00

"RAMA, THE HERO OF INDIA," is an achievement in the field of juvenile books. It sweeps the reader—whether old or young—into an atmosphere completely foreign, and far distant in time. The story itself is absorbing, but it is the Oriental flavor of the style that is especially captivating. Too many writers for children think that, in order to interest their young readers, they must make the characters in their stories speak and act like people of today. Any imaginative child, however—and the majority of children are imaginative—prefers a fanciful and unreal world to the humdrum world of everyday. Extravagant images are the delight of such a child. This account of the life and deeds of Rama, the hero of India's great epic poem the Ramayana, teems with such images. The language glows with all the splendor of an Oriental carpet: "One night after six weeks of the drumming deluge of the rain Rama and Lakshmana remained awake praying to God. Then suddenly they beheld a silver plough pierce the cloud before them. It dug deep and darkly into the storm until it pierced the heart of the abyss, then on its horns of gold-drenched crystal, lifted the blue sky and held it aloft. 'Behold the risen moon, O Rama,' exclaimed Lakshmana." Unforgettable is the enchanted island Lanka—Ceylon—with its diamond towers as high as the Himalayas, and with its amethyst and gold palaces. Unforgettable in another way is the giant monkey Hanuman who leaps through the sky "like a winged mountain." The book is full of unforgettable things. This retelling follows closely the story as recounted in the original, even to the point of the use of

such characteristic phrases as "Hanuman, that supremely talented monkey."

Sometimes, unfortunately, the attempt to reproduce the style of the original leads the author into the employment of expressions that are awkward and even incorrect in English. For example, "Thou loathing's very soul" or "'Friends,' greeted them the bird of mammoth shape" are hardly acceptable. There are also such slips as "thou may," "the monkey-folks," "generations of voices who. . . ." If the book is reprinted the author would do well to prune his style of such defects. It is a pity to mar so good a work by mistakes as easily avoidable as these.

"Rustam, Lion of Persia," and "The Ivory Throne of Persia"—both based on Firdausi's Shah Namah—do not belong in the same category with the book just mentioned. They are both well told, and the first attempts, not without considerable success, to place the reader in the atmosphere of ancient Persia by colorful descriptions of festivals and costumes and city streets. But they both do what seems to me a mistake—and my feeling is based upon vivid recollections of my own preferences in childhood: they remodel the hero into a youth of our own time. I do not think I am going too far in saying this. I like to picture Rustam as an almost superhuman hero, as a man of prodigious accomplishments—not as a sort of glorified boy scout who has the thoughts of any athletic boy in his 'teens. It is not until one is out of one's 'teens that one becomes interested in persons of that age—that was my experience, at least. If Rustam talks with his father as I might talk with mine, his glory as a hero fades, and I should read with more pleasure a story of the captain of some school team.

"Rustam, Lion of Persia," is a selection from the Shah Namah of the parts of that epic that deal with this great hero. The events of his life, as there told, are here skillfully welded into a connected account that follows the main lines of the original. Some scenes and many descriptions are imagined by the author, but these are legitimate additions

that lend a colorful background to the story. It is a good story, well told. My only objection to it is that, while the exploits in which Rustam engages are certainly not a part of the modern world, the character of the hero himself seems to me to partake a little too much of the everyday. A hero should not be real.

"The Ivory Throne of Persia" is not a connected story built around a central figure, but a selection, principally from the Shah Namah, of tales about several of the ancient heroes of Persia. These stories were worked up as part of the curriculum of the King-Coit Children's School of Acting and Design, New York City. The Foreword states that the object of this retelling of ancient legends is to permit the pupils to "absorb the cults of distant lands and vanished epochs." If this is the case, there should be more accuracy in the details given in the stories. To cite a single example: Rustam's first noteworthy exploit is the slaying of a white elephant that has broken loose. In this book it is stated that the elephant belonged to Rustam's father; while the original tells us that it was the elephant of the Shah. Legends may not be history, but if one is purportedly retelling a particular version of a legend one has no right to deviate from it even in minor details. That is not legitimate revision. I wonder, furthermore, why the author omitted from this collection one of the most moving stories in all literature — the tragic tale of Sohrab and Rustam. Tragedy appeals to the young, and there is no reason why the deeper strains should not be touched now and then — especially when there is grandeur in them.

Editor's Note: Dr. Sherwood is joint author with Elmer Mantz of "The Road to Cathay" (Macmillan $3.50), and the author of "The Warrior Lord" (Longmans $2.50), and "The Merry Pilgrimage" (Macmillan $1.00).

THE WEE MEN

By Arthur Mason

MEMORIES that we cherish most in later life are those that come back to us from our childhood. And when I can slip down to the seashore in the full of the moon, back to me come recollections of the wee men that were so closely associated with my life in Ireland when I was a boy. My mother talked about the wee men as if she knew them, and I came to feel that I knew them, too. Often of a cold night she would spread an old coat

From "The Wee Men of Ballywooden"
Illustrated by Robert Lawson (Doubleday)

before the hearth and when we children would ask her what she was doing that for, she would say, "Off to bed with you now, and don't be asking foolish questions. It's the wee men I'm thinking of, and it's a warm spot they'll be seeking this night."

When the noise of us children seemed too large for the house, she would send me down to the bog. "Away with you now," she would say, "and look at yourself in the black bog water, and while you're there hide your temper in the shadow of the rushes. But don't try to find it again. If you do, your eyes will just be common eyes that see no farther than the ploughman's furrow. Now mind me," she'd warn, "whatever you do in the bog or the meadow, don't interfere with the wee men, for it's busy I'm sure they are, chasing the pirate bees away from the meadow bees' honey."

And when I'd come back from the bog, breathlessly I'd tell her of the things I had seen, but it seemed as if I never could surprise her at all. She would let me talk myself out, then she'd say, in an offhanded way, "And didn't you see the wee man with the slit in his ear, and the one with the big hoop earrings?"

I would stare at her, while clouds would fog my fancy, only to have it incited again by some further reference to the doings of the wee men. There was the night of the terrible calamity—the night of the big wind. "Oh, what a wind!" my mother would say. "It blew the horns off the goats and the hair off the donkeys, and the sea's spray showered all over Ireland."

And then in a whisper with her finger on her lips, she would tell me how the big wind had blown all the wee folk away. How they got back again, she didn't know. "Tut!" she'd say, "you're talking as if I were a reach in the wind. What do I know what happens away from here? But I'll tell you this, and mind you keep it to yourself: the big wind had an eye in its head, and wings on its back."

Well, the problem of how the wee folk got back into Ireland after the night of the big wind baffled me for many a

long year. For think of it I would, in my wanderings over land and sea, and at last it seemed as if the wee men let me into their secret. But not until I had found my way back to Ballywooden again after being away thirty-five years. Then it was that the Paver of Caves, blender of white heather with moon flakes, made himself known to me, but if it weren't for a wee humming bird, maybe I wouldn't have known how it happened at all.

BOOKS BY ARTHUR MASON

FLYING BO'SUN	*Cape*	1.00
WIDE SEAS AND MANY LANDS	*Cape*	1.00
FOSSIL FOUNTAIN (with Mary Frank)	*Doubleday*	1.75

THE REDISCOVERY OF MEXICO

By Albert Charles Friend

ONE who has been in Mexico offers his thanks to the publishers of children's books. They have presented this year a half-dozen volumes which may be called good books about Mexico and good books for children, and this is a singularly happy union, for perhaps no other country can offer so much in material and inspiration for children's stories.

From "Made in Mexico"
Illustrated by Julio Castellanos (Knopf)

It is true that Mexico has produced little literature, but many songs and many tales. If those who trace the course of history have found the origins of poetry to be in folk song, and the origin of music and prose likewise to be in folk melody and popular tales, they can see in Mexico today literature and music in the making—these arts yet unchannelled. It is foreigners, too, our fellow-citizens all, who

collect in this group of books the native stories of Mexico. Some are folk tales of the same character and collected in the same way that the Brothers Grimm gathered their tales from the peasant folk of Germany. Some are folk tales in the sense not of "fairy tales," but stories of everyday life of children and grown-ups in Mexico.

We do not mean to suggest that Mexicans are a people backward in art. Far from it. It may with justice be contended that in building and in painting they excel. But they

From "Made in Mexico"
Illustrated by Julio Castellanos (Knopf)

are an agricultural people, which implies strength and simplicity and geniality; a people lacking in education, which means lacking in literature, yet with a history more elaborate and more refined than any on this continent, which implies a rich fund of tradition. This tradition is embodied in their tales and gives a cultivated charm, a maturity and a perspective absent in the Northern folk lore.

Traditional, too, is the skill in building. Baroque churches stand on cornerstones of Aztec temples, and the slope of their walls is the art of the Indians. It is this architectural power which makes Mexican fresco painting the best in this century, an art of builders. Whether we believe or not in nationality in art, we all admit the people of Mexico to be

singularly devoted to the manual arts. According to their ancient law "The land belongs to him who works with his hands."

The pursuit of agriculture, then, and manual skill are of Indian heritage. To these we add what seems to us most striking in the pre-conquest epochs — the deeply moral tone in the character of the native songs. That fervent and humble religious spirit clearly expressed is more than a desire to renew crops by rain; it expresses a deeper need than the plea for tribal welfare.

Anita Brenner in a brilliant summing up of the achievement of the Aztecs says, "They covered some statues with symbol and motif; others they kept to the barest structural planes. They practiced temperance and then austerity, then penitence, then self-torture. They manufactured fine paper and tinted it carefully; then ripped it into bits on their altars. Their food was meager and elaborately spiced. They lived austerely as monks, and wrapped themselves in complex ceremony and etiquette. They spoke of themselves as mean, weak beings; and invented ceremonies to control the sun. They spoke continuously of death and asserted that they were immortal, would live in song, would become gods. They felt themselves to be masters, and they were masters; and they aspired to perfect humility."

There is then a deeply serious attitude toward immaterial things, as well as toward land and life. Religion becomes not an ecstasy of the senses, but humility. Nor can the advent of Christianity account for this ethical sensibility. It lies inherent in the folk tales, and in the Aztec poems. It is in fact, as we have said above in the folk material, that we find the best of the ancient traditions. No fairy stories of rude barbaric age, no caprice of woodland elves, or spirits pure as air; in short all that is charming and ethical and unbiased in the well-known realms of Titania and Oberon, all these irresponsibilities are lacking. Instead we have stories gravely touching or faintly whimsical but essentially humanized. Again we must differentiate these Mexican tales

from the Moralities of our English tongue. The Moralities are quaintly artificial, because they are made to teach a lesson. The stories of Mexico grow rather from a moral view of life. They do not preach but illustrate this view. They present an attitude, not a lesson. They teach by inference, never explicitly.

The grave humility which is close to the resignation taught by the church, and yet not ecclesiastical but popular, this fine spirit not of despair, but of comfort in despair, of gentle consideration, and meek adventure — we see in the stories collected for children by Miss Purnell under the title "The Talking Bird." Against a background of life on the Mexican farm, rather a timeless life, the same today as it was a thousand years ago, Grandfather Juan tells Paco the fables built about the Parrot (which is like our story of Babel and the Flood after the Garden of Eden); about the mountain which is a sleeping princess; about the founding of Mexico City; and the story of Caiahtemoc, its last prince, who while held by Cortes and cruelly treated, said only, "Do you think that I, then, am on a bed of roses?" and dies in silence to save the treasure of the Aztecs; and of Quetzalcoatl who is to return as the Saviour of Mexico.

It is probably better to say that these stories are transcribed in simple, clear fashion than to say they are children's stories. The folk history of Mexico is in these tales, which children will very likely regard as their own. There is a stamp of authenticity, of deep truth about them which will make them liked. They are at once new, because newly translated, and at the same time, touchingly familiar, because the ages have wiped away all dross and all accidents. They are knit together by the narrator, who points a moral after each in his own words to make more clear the deeply serious connotation behind the tales, "and thus you can see how even the hardest heart may become kind and gentle."

The book by the lady of our ambassador is a most sympathetic interpretation of Mexico. Elizabeth Morrow tells of the effort of a sister and brother, Pita and Pedro, to buy

the toy which happens to be one of the most decorative and popular representatives of peasant art, the painted pig. The delays of the toymaker cause him to invent elaborate explanations, and these give substance to the book, a picture of Mexican character, humorous, naïve, indolent, imaginative,

From "Made in Mexico"
Illustrated by Julio Castellanos (Knopf)

which reads like the transcript of a very charming conversation, like living in Mexico. The pictures by René d'Harnoncourt are splendidly simple, apt illustrations by one who has caught the Mexican secret of significance of matter—a matter which children appreciate.

"Tranquilina's Paradise," by Mrs. Smith, is a parable-form, the return to Eden of a little toy angel; and roadside details, the characterizing speech of the animals, the Spanish phrases, give a flavor of veracity to the substance of a dream. Thomas Handforth has made the book handsome with his decorations. He has conventionalized the motifs of farm life into patterns which are essentially baroque, making thus an elaborate interpretation of Mexico,—a foreigner's commentary, and therefore clarifying. Here is no reminiscence of Rivera. The drawings rather are linear, intricate, expressive black and white, in the style of high comedy, gently making the Baroque with fantasies from the farm.

Mrs. Smith's other book, "Made in Mexico," is more serious. It tells in a clear style of the handicrafts, the plates, clothes, toys, and masks of the country people and gives two fables. It is an instructive book, giving suggestions by describing rather than explaining the beauty of the native utensils. There is a good set of photographs in the rear. The book is a faithful answer to "How Did You Like Mexico?"

"Pancho and His Burro" is essentially an action story telling how a brother and sister went to market and what happened—a graphic little book.

"The Adventures of Luisa" is the diary of a doll who is concerned entirely with geography, and what each city produces. Being a doll has its advantages—there is no need of personal reaction, bias of taste, accidental affections or the like impediments to other travellers, consequently "The Adventures" presents a good text book for children on the land and its products in Mexico.

Editor's Note: Mr. Friend refers young people and all those interested in Mexican art to Anita Brenner's "Idols Behind Altars," written as a painter might regard Mexico by one who was born there, and could talk to her artists as one of them,—a deliberate, matured book.

(Brewer & Warren—$5.00)

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE

THE PAINTED PIG. Elizabeth Morrow Pictures by René d'Harnoncourt	*Knopf*	2.00
TRANQUILINA'S PARADISE. Susan Smith Pictures by Thomas Handforth	*Minton*	2.50
MADE IN MEXICO. Susan Smith Pictures by Julio Castellanos	*Knopf*	2.00
PANCHO AND HIS BURRO. Zhenya and Jan Gay	*Morrow*	2.00
THE ADVENTURES OF LUISA. Winifred James Pictures by Oliver Herford	*Dutton*	2.00
THE TALKING BIRD. Idella Purnell and John M. Weatherwax	*Macmillan*	2.25

From "Pancho and His Burro"
by Zhenya and Jan Gay (Morrow)

RACETRACK AND RIVERBANK

The Books of Stephen Meader

By Alice M. Jordan

THE personal story is to many boys the first evidence that reading a book may be a pleasure, not a task. Through experiences which he is able to comprehend and make his own he identifies himself as hero without much mental effort or the need of previous background. Hence the persistent popularity of the series that

carry one character through an unending sequence of adventures and escapes, more or less credible to the uncritical reader. Now and then we find a writer who can tell the personal story of an everyday boy and make it live. Stephen Meader has done just this in "Red Horse Hill."

When Bud Martin left the familiar stables of South Boston for unknown New Hampshire he had three assets, his white terrier, Tug, his knowledge of horses, and his

inheritance of character. His arrival at Riverdale, where the possession of a fast road horse was an indication of substance, was a piece of good fortune. So was the championship of a friendly farmer with whom he found a home. As he became a member of the Mason household and settled to the work and play of a country boy, Bud came into close contact with a different kind of horse than the heavy gray Percherons that drew freight from the railway yard in Boston. Speed rather than brawn was the measure of their value.

"In and about Riverdale there were perhaps fifty horses that could step a mile in 2.30 or better." So Mr. Meader tells of famous races that give us the tingle of breathless suspense and quicken our pulses to the thud of swift hoofs flashing down the track of snow. Small wonder that in such an atmosphere the boy missed nothing that could be learned by watching fast trotters and listening to the talk of trainers and drivers.

The story centers around the strong young sorrel, Cedar, foaled in the snow on the night of a big storm. Though a boy of today may not have any close association with horses, he will yet understand Bud's love for the ruddy colt which he helped carry home that morning. And when after two years' training the swift young pacer is stolen and taken to Boston, every right-minded reader will expect Bud to go and find him. It is to be expected, too, that Bud should drive Cedar in the championship cutter races of New Hampshire and that the two should win.

All the elements of a typical story for boys are present, the gypsy horse thief, the mystery of the old cellar hole, the lost will, the grasping rich man, the triumph of the humble. But Mr. Meader has handled his material admirably. The picture he gives of the period is unmistakable, a bit of social history, if you will. Horse racing on the country side has vanished, the automobile has seen to that, but where else have we as good a portrayal of its hold on a rural community?

Here, too, is a story of New Hampshire in the winter time. The sense of place surrounds the book. If you know New England you may look off from the pages and see at any season the upland pastures all white with snow, dotted here and there with dark shapes of evergreens and outcropping ledges of granite. You may see the loaded wood sleds start down from the mountain and feel the sting of frosty air on your cheeks. There is so much more of winter than of summer in the story.

A boy and a dog and a horse always command sympathy and affection, but I think Stephen Meader felt a little closer to Bud Martin than he did to the heroes of his other books.

"Down the Big River" and "Longshanks" have both to do with the Mississippi Valley. "The Black Buccaneer" is a rousing pirate story laid in the eighteenth century. The adventures narrated in each are plausible, founded on occurrences of the time.

Steve Bonnet, the Black Buccaneer, is a famous name in the annals of piracy. His harrying of our early coastwise settlements and trade is a matter of record.

"Down the Big River" follows the hazardous voyage of a keel boat from Pittsburgh, the "gateway to the West," as far as old St. Louis and beyond in the days when the arrival of the fur fleet of a hundred boats was the event of the year.

In "Longshanks" it was Abraham Lincoln who journeyed on the flat boat with Tad Hopkins.

If the villains in these three earlier books are more spectacular than those in "Red Horse Hill" it is quite in keeping with their times. Pirates, too, whether of the river or the high seas, are more clashing and cruel than horse thieves. But there is more in Mr. Meader's books than adventure. Four periods of American history, well and understandingly drawn, furnish the setting and give substance and vitality to the characters.

Books mentioned in this article:

RED HORSE HILL	*Harcourt*	$2.00
DOWN THE BIG RIVER	"	1.75
LONGSHANKS	"	2.00
THE BLACK BUCCANEER	"	1.75

(The same illustrated by Mead Schaeffer, $3.50)

The illustrations are from "Red Horse Hill," illustrated by Lee Townsend.

"LITTLE CHRISTMAS" BY LOUISE SEAMAN

REVIEWED BY CORNELIA MEIGS

CANDLES in the windows on Christmas Eve stand for one of the most beautiful observances in all of our motley heritage of holiday customs. Those soft stars of serene, yellow light showing all up and down a dark, snowy street, seem to signify, more than anything else, the true radiance of peace and good will.

The Christmas tree, the Yule log and, I suspect, the groaning Christmas midday board, all take their origin from pagan times. But the candles in the window belong especially to the religious aspect of the holiday. In those European countries from which the custom comes across the sea to us, legend has it that not Santa Claus, but the Kristkindchen, the little Christ child Himself, comes with gifts to fill the shoes of all proper children. Good St. Nicholas has a festival of his own earlier in the month, and that stout saint is considered quite capable of making his way through the

From "Little Christmas"
Illustrated by Guth (Macmillan)

starlit night unaided. But the little Jesus, a child exactly like those He comes to seek, must be lighted through the stumbling places and the black terrors of the winter dark.

Santa Claus lends himself easily to celebration in song and story. But it is very difficult for our reticent Anglo-Saxon minds to put into words any of those legends and fancies which form the beautiful border of the garment of religion. Thus we have heard, from generation to generation, very little of those long cherished mid-European tales of the little Christ child and His active part in the Christmas celebration. It is, therefore, an achievement of real importance that there has been published at last a book which offers them to us with the rare delicacy of beautiful retelling that such legends must demand.

"Little Christmas" is written by Louise Seaman, illustrated with drawings by an eighteen-year-old Czecho-Slovakian schoolmaster named Guth. It is a small and lovely volume, most suitable, of all things, to be read aloud beside the fire on Christmas Eve, when the stockings are hung and with the candles alight in the window.

Simple peasant hearts, through generations of a civilization older and less questioning than ours, have surrounded the childhood of Jesus, in their overflowing affection, with all those incidents and stories which history has unfortunately denied us. They ignore the fact of his birth in a hot, palm-dotted country, and picture him, as untutored minds will, against their own background. In this book, with the simplicity of very great skill, are set forth these quaintly beautiful legends, of the painted wooden cradle which another child gave Him, of His little angel companions with whom He romped and tumbled in the snow, of His making friends with the birds of the forest and the beasts of the mountains. We are told of His growing a little larger, growing into that vast love for mankind whose first manifestation was that He wished to give every child a present on His own birthday.

The pictures fulfill completely the spirit of this perfectly

told religious folk tale. They show us Little Christmas, as the author so happily calls the Christ child, rocked in His gay cradle, looking for toys in the great market, peering in through the window at children saying their prayers. The loveliest of all is that of the midnight city of Prague, seen through the arch of the great gate, with the houses all asleep and the sky bright with stars. At the gateway the old watchman nods beside his lantern, while Little Christmas, shy and eager, carrying His bag of toys, slips through the gate on His immortal pilgrimage in search of children who love Him.

LITTLE CHRISTMAS *Macmillan* 1.50

THE READING CONTEST

Here are the reports from the remaining members of the Committee and the booknotes they have chosen.

FROM ROBERT MANNING:—

Correcting these notes was an enjoyable task, although selecting the two best was fairly difficult, especially the one from the older group. I finally picked out "The Land of Dreams" by Bernice Heisler, aged 9, of Chickasha, Oklahoma, from those written by the younger children, and "When I Was a Harvester" by Gerald Heisler, 14. Maybe it was unfair to select two from the same family but they certainly were the best. I was quite surprised when I looked at Bernice's age as the note was so dainty. Gerald's note on "When I Was a Harvester" is clear, to the point, and very interesting. The ballad is extremely well written, too. It was nip and tuck between "When I Was a Harvester" and Gerald's other note, "Thirty Fathoms Deep," but the ballad was on the former note's side. The reason I picked his note from the rest was because he told more about the book as a whole, yet told enough of the story to make it interesting.

The bunch of notes as a whole was fair, but I was surprised to find that children 12, 13, and 14 years old could not do better. I also think some of the older children are not reading the right kind of books.

In correcting the notes I divided them into two parts—those of children 12 and under, and those of children 13 and over. This I thought would be fairer to the younger children.

I thank you very much for the opportunity to read and compare the opinions of other children of different ages.

WHEN I WAS A HARVESTER, by ROBERT L. YATES
(*Macmillan*) $1.75

It seems to take all sorts of people to make up a world—a world of books. In "When I Was a Harvester" Bob Yates tells what he learned about people in the harvest fields of the Northwest when he

was a harvester. He writes about his hobo companions who harvested the wheat that makes one-fourth of the world's bread. He lived and worked among them for a season and tells you all about their lives and ways.

Bob Yates is a young boy from the United States who got tired of high school and decided to go northwest to work in the Canadian harvest fields. He found a dog who saved his life in a fight with three timber wolves. He found out what it means to be working in wheat fields that extended over six million acres—as far as you could see on all sides. He found out what it means to out-wit death and what the pain of freezing in a northern blizzard is really like.

It was a life of hard work. You got up at four and went to bed at 12 on some days. You had five meals a day. Some whose bodies were not made for this sickened and died on the harvest field. After you had stood up under the labor you felt that you had conquered.

Very few books have been written about the golden wheat fields of the northwest. Although they are thousands of miles inland it sometimes seems that you can smell the salt winds of the sea blowing over them. So this book is different and very interesting. It makes you see the golden wheat fields and the harvesters who come from all parts of the North American continent, some for their health, and some for the thrill of the northern country, but most of them just to make a living.

BALLAD OF THE HARVESTER'S DOG

A northern pool-room rang with strife,
  The story went around
Of how a fellow owed his life
  To a grey mongrel hound.

"Well, boys," the bartender called out,
  "The drinks are free, you curs;
The kid has got a tale to shout
  To all you harvesters."

* * *

"Alone with Ronno by my side
  Three timber wolves I met;
I feared for my work toughened hide
  As from the woods they crept.

"Ronno charged. I saw a flash
  Of tawny skin hurl high,
I heard a thud, I saw a gash
  Spurt blood, I closed each eye.

* * *

"There were three wolves," a hobo said,
"Kill three no dog can do—
You've only got one critter dead,
How died the other two?"

* * *

"The second only slunk away,
With crazy pain he fled!
The same bite, if it went astray,
Would crunch your witless head.

"The third wolf by his leader stood
And howled a lonely howl.
He smelled the dead wolf's angry blood,
And snarled an ugly growl.

Two moments and the dog was gone;
He ripped the wild one's scalp,
And shattering his fore-leg bone,
He won without my help.

* * *

"Ronno! Ronno! Mud in your eye,
Ronno!" With drink and grog
His health the hobo hearers cry—
Then auction off the dog!

GERALD HEISLER, Age 14

THE LAND OF DREAMS, by WILLIAM BLAKE
(*Macmillan*) $2.00

Some of the poems Pamela Bianco has chosen to illustrate for "The Land of Dreams" are sad, and others are gay—but they are all so lovely that I like them all.

In the poem that the book is named for, a little boy saw his mother who had died. She was clothed in white, walking by the lilies in sweet delight. When he awoke he asked his father why everybody couldn't live in the land of dreams instead of in this world of unbelief and fear.

The drawings are delicate and soft. They are mostly of slender little children, who remind you of angels or people you see in a dream.

In the book there is a letter written by Pamela Bianco to William Blake (although he has been dead for a hundred years). In this imaginary letter she says she was very happy when she was asked to

make the drawings in the book because she had liked his poems for a long while. For this book she drew her first picture of a

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night.

After God has made the tiger, the poet asks:

Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

But in the picture that Pamela Bianco drew of the tiger he is nearly as gentle looking as the children.

BERNICE HEISLER, Age 9.

FROM EVELYN SAFIER:—

As a whole my group of booknotes was very fine. The two I have chosen to be printed in the *Horn Book* are "On Autumn Trails" by Eleanor Robers and "Tartarin of Tarascon" by Gerald Heisler. The first mentioned makes you anxious to read the book. The little picturesque descriptions Eleanor Robers gives are very vivid. Gerald Heisler gives a very interesting review of what I am sure is a highly entertaining story. A booknote which I think deserves mention is written by Ella Belle Good on "Witch's Maiden."

I should like to give a bit of advice to those writing booknotes: be brief; tell all you wish to without frilly phrases. Don't repeat groups of words.

ON AUTUMN TRAILS, by EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

Cosmopolitan .75

All lovers of nature can find enjoyment in this book. The secret haunts of the forests: secluded nooks by mirrored lakes; wild folk of Mother Nature; everything that brings you to the calm, untamed life in the wilds. And then, adventures full of life and fire; the occasional death duels between infuriated beasts; giant forest fires sweeping death at its head; everything that stirs you to the highest depth of emotion.

But last of all, the friendship of man and beast; the man who comes, not to kill, but to protect; the man who brings wild animals to his side by kindness and loyalty; everything that brings you trust and love.

Of all books that can be read, none can bring better morals and knowledge of nature than this.

ELEANOR ROBERS, Age 14.

TARTARIN OF TARASCON, by ALPHONSE DAUDET
(*Little*) $1.75

Game was so scarce in Tarascon that the hunters had to shoot at their own caps of a Sunday. Tartarin was the champion cap-shooter of Tarascon, but he yearned to be a mighty hunter. A menagerie lion stirred him to the bottom of his lovable, conceited old heart, and he thoughtlessly murmured where the Tarasconians could hear him, "Ah, that really is the sort of beast worth hunting!" So the story got around that he was going to Algeria to hunt lions and he finally had to go to save his face.

When he got to Algiers, he found it all too civilized, but Tartarin had come to shoot lions so he camped outside the town. During the night he fired his first shot and saw a huge beast fall. Next morning he paid an old woman for her dead donkey. But at last he killed a real lion, a blind old fellow tamed by the priests at a monastery.

His money stolen, his precious firearms sold to pay for the dead lion,—all he had left was an old worn-out camel he didn't want. But it followed him home to France. Poor Tartarin! humble enough now. What surprised both him and the reader most of all was that he was a hero to the folk back home. He was their mighty hunter.

Mr. John Macy calls "Tartarin of Tarascon" the finest joke in all literature (the joke is on Tartarin and the Tarasconians, not on the reader!).

GERALD HEISLER, Age 14.

FROM JOHN SCHAEFER, JR.:—

Perhaps you will think that I have considered the book-notes sent to me to judge too hastily. That, however, is not the case. I have read each note carefully and considered both its good points and its bad points in making the final mark. So in this way no contribution was under-rated.

I began by carefully reading each essay and then marking it. I then went through them and picked out about a dozen of the best and read these over again, to select the two best. At the end of the second reading, I still had six excellent reports and I must confess I was at a loss as to which to select. When I reread the few remaining ones I decided that "A Little Shepherd of Provence" reported by Louise Ewell was worth as much as Gerald Heisler's report on "The Jumping Off Place." Mr. Heisler's report

on "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" was, in my estimation, the best booknote sent me. As the latter was one of the best two, I selected "A Little Shepherd of Provence" as the other. I am still doubtful whether my choice was perfectly correct.

On the whole the booknotes were some of the finest I have ever read. With a few exceptions all the contributors showed real skill in writing about some book which they had enjoyed. This accounts for the large number which I rated as "excellent" or "good." I hope that my choice is satisfactory, as I would like to continue as a judge of these reports. Many of these books were unknown to me, but I intend to read "The Jumping Off Place," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," and other books reported on.

I selected "The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" as one of the two best because it was brief, with emphasis laid only on the main points. The language used is well chosen, clear, and simple. It impressed me as being an ideal booknote, as it makes the reader want to get the book and read it through. The story itself seems to be one of war, sacrifices and the horrors of fighting against one's friends. A true story of the war makes the reader see what hardships and sufferings go with it.

The report of "A Little Shepherd of Provence" was chosen because it brought out the main points of a story which seems to contain much pathos. Just enough is told to make one want to read the book himself. Each event described is an important part of the story. Its brevity is another good point, because if a report is too long the reader will have no desire to read the book. I regard this booknote as a model essay.

THE MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN,
by SIEGFRIED SASSOON *Coward* $2.50

Here is a quiet story, more than anything else like a letter from a friend who has moved away. The author knows and writes about two worlds: the rollicking, carefree life of a fox-hunting man in

rural England, and the dreary lot that soldiers endured in the Great War.

It is his friendships that make the book the splendid thing it is. For this means more to me than fine descriptions of the hunt, more than the actual record of the sacrifices and sorrows of the war.

While the author is growing up the world is changing. He has to go to war and leave his friends and dogs and horses all behind, knowing things change too quickly for him to ever find them all again.

When the story ends the lad is now a man, standing at the front in a dismal ditch on Easter morning. He knows what it means to live in the country where the foxes lived and hid; to follow the breathless flurry of the hounds; and at the last to fight an enemy you don't even know (except for a school chum you haven't heard about for years until you hear one day that he is fighting, too—on the other side).

Here is a story that is true, one that will help you understand war and peace; here is an author who is unafraid to tell what he remembers.

GERALD HEISLER, Age 14
Chickasha, Oklahoma.

A LITTLE SHEPHERD OF PROVENCE,

by EVALEEN STEIN — *Page* $1.50

Jean Favette, little lame shepherd boy of Provence, had gone into the sheep-fold on Christmas Eve to hear the goats talk when he discovered a man, wretched, ill-clad, and hungry, lying on the straw in a corner. Jean aids the man and promises to tell no one of his being there. He brings the stranger food, including "God's Share" of the Christmas loaf. When the family return from Midnight Mass and notice the bread missing, Jean takes the blame of eating it on himself so that he would not have to betray the stranger. The two become fast friends, sharing their interest and knowledge of flowers. All this, secretly.

One night, the stranger departs. Jean misses him and longs for his friend to return.

About a year after this a stranger is seen coming toward Jean as he tends his flocks. He is overjoyed at having his friend back again, and the two talk long and earnestly together. The stranger shows Jean some cuttings of Damascus Roses and these he gives to Jean. They start a rose garden which develops into the finest one in France.

Jean, because of his ability to grow roses, accepts a Royal position

as rose grower while the stranger dies happy in the knowledge that he has repaid Jean for the kindness shown him on a memorable Christmas Eve many years ago.

LOUISE EWELL, Age 14
Indianapolis, Indiana.

FROM ESTHER SCHELL:—

I have been looking over my second lot of booknotes, and I must say that every one of them was better than my last ones. I have had a dreadful time deciding, and I have at last stopped between Ella Belle Good's "Linnet on the Threshold" and Gerald Heisler's "Ood-le-uk the Wanderer." They are both fourteen and both live in Chickasha, Oklahoma, and they both typewrite with blue ink! So there is hardly any difference!

I think if I just *had* to say which, I would probably decide in Gerald's favor, but I don't know, and I'll leave it to you to be sure. However, I do want to say that every single booknote I got was worthy of notice, especially Millicent Murdock's one about "Pointed People." My final decision of the two lots will be, therefore, Ella and Gerald's note. I think Chickasha ought to be proud of its literary citizens.

(N. B. Esther Schell had two small packages of booknotes instead of one large one as the other members of the Committee.)

OOD-LE-UK THE WANDERER, by ALICE ALISON LIDE and MARGARET ALISON JOHANSEN *Little* $2.00

Nanook, innie, oomiak, toopic, pooksak, parka, angekak, irsuteet, kapeta, bidar—what do they mean? They sound common enough to the Eskimos, however strange they are to us.

Somehow the Eskimos themselves are not so strange; they are quite like us. A little stronger of body and a little braver in everyday things, they are as unadventurous as we are and as credulous of ghost stories. At least, that's the way they seem to the two sisters who wrote this book that tells about the way they lived in the far north of Asia and America hundreds of years ago.

Ood-le-uk was the first to cross the straits between Alaska and Siberia, and the story is about his wanderings. He was a coward at first, so it is also a story of his growth.

He was afraid of Nanook, the great bear—until he had to kill him, or die alone on the ice-fields; he was afraid of the stars that fell screaming into the snow—until he discovered that the dragon stone (meteorite) made weapons that would keep his people from starvation; he was afraid of the dark northern sea, terribly afraid when one of its titanic icebergs carried him in a storm to another land—but then he found that the same sea would take him home if he could make a boat of whalebone and hide.

And so he conquered fear,—and sea and earth and sky, and established the trade that is still carried on between his people and the natives of Asia, that eastern land from which the Eskimos had come to America long ages before.

Aneca! what a tale!

GERALD HEISLER, Age 14
Chickasha, Oklahoma.

LINNET ON THE THRESHOLD, by MARGARET THOMSEN RAYMOND *Longmans* $2.00

Shall we poor girls go to work as soon as we can find a job, or shall we go on to school no matter what the hardship on our working-class families? I think this is the question Margaret Thomsen Raymond means to ask in "Linnet on the Threshold." I do so wish that she had answered it!

Perhaps she thought that we could find the answer hidden away beneath her pleasant sentences that tell the story of 15-year-old Linnet Burd on the threshold of our work-a-day world. I did not find it there, because she insisted on solving Linnet's problem for her, instead of letting her work it out herself.

To be sure there is truth in the tale. Linnet is very real, both at home and at the department store in which she works. To those of us who do not know what goes on behind the office doors, the details are fascinating. To all of us, Linnet's experiences in getting used to working for a living are deeply interesting in a way that is so personal it hurts.

And of course a story is a story, and a good story is its own excuse for being. This is a simple story, straightforwardly told. It is a bit of real life.

ELLA BELLE GOOD, Age 14.

We have given Harriet Vernon, the last member of the Committee, the difficult work of commenting on the whole group of booknotes which have been printed this year in the *Horn Book*. Here is her report:

"Judging the booknotes was an even more delightful 'bookish' adventure than I had imagined it to be. It was quite interesting to read the comments of the various contestants on the books they read, and I enjoyed all of them. Gerald Heisler, Louise Ewell, Ella Belle Good, and Margaret Stump deserve especial commendation for their selection of good books and the clear way in which they expressed themselves.

"Gerald Heisler seems to have caught the spirit of the books he was reading and to have expressed it in his notes. Louise Ewell's choice of words in her review of 'The Trumpeter of Krakow' was especially good. In commenting on 'Abe Lincoln Grows Up,' Ella Belle Good's last paragraph was especially good. She gives her real reason for liking the book, and it was certainly a good reason.

"Altogether, I think the booknotes proved that the contestants are reading boys and girls, and have interesting things to say about the books they read."

Of the booknotes printed in the *Horn Book,* Harriet Vernon has made the following list in the order of excellence:

1.	Ood-le-uk the Wanderer	Gerald Heisler (14)
2.	The Trumpeter of Krakow	Louise Ewell (14)
3.	Tartarin of Tarascon	Gerald Heisler (14)
4.	Abe Lincoln Grows Up	Ella Belle Good (13)
5.	Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man	Gerald Heisler (14)
6.	Hitty	Margaret Stump (11½)
7.	When I Was a Harvester	Gerald Heisler (14)
8.	Ben Hur	Louise Ewell (14)
9.	The Land of Dreams	Bernice Heisler (9)
10.	Linnet on the Threshold	Ella Belle Good (13)
11.	On Autumn Trails	Eleanor Robers (14)
12.	The Earth for Sam	Frances Aldington (11)
13.	Shanghai Passage	Roberta Bowsher (13)
14.	Jeremy	Margaret Stump (11½)
15.	Polly Cologne	Millicent Murdock (11)
16.	Ramona	Mary Carter (14)
17.	A Little Shepherd of Provence	Louise Ewell (14)
18.	The Luck of the Bean Rows	Thelma Deck (9)
19.	The House of the Heart	Miriam Kover (11)

We planned to give twenty-five book prizes this year to twenty-five different boys and girls. As the Contest has worked out there have been only twelve different boys and girls who have had their booknotes chosen for printing in the magazine. These are

Frances Aldington
Roberta Bowsher
Mary Carter
Thelma Deck
Louise Ewell
Ella Belle Good
Bernice Heisler
Gerald Heisler
Miriam Kover
Millicent Murdock
Eleanor Robers
Margaret Stump

This, then, is the prize winning list. Congratulations to them all! The Editors of the *Horn Book* have agreed with the Committee in their selections in every case. Each member of the Committee has shown excellent discrimination. This brings us to another point. We thought we should give one book prize to the member of the Committee who did the best work, but each member has shown such interest and fine coöperation that we are sending a book prize to each member, and thereby thank them for their help. Here are their names again.

Helen Bonnell, Philadelphia
Paul Bruns, New York City
Emily Clapp, Rochester
Marie Ehrhardt, Cincinnati
Alice Hendricks, Nashville, Tenn.
Esther Kabak, New York City
Robert Manning, Plainville, Conn.
Evelyn Safier, New York City
John C. Schaefer, Jr., New York City
Esther Schell, Cambridge, Mass.
Harriet Vernon, Baltimore

Although the number of boys and girls who have entered the Contest has dropped from 200 to 50 (a bad drop), yet the quality of booknotes and the books reported on show a tremendous improvement.

Will all the boys and girls who have been in the Contest this year consider how they would like the Contest to be conducted next year? We should like to hear from every one of them (address the Horn Book Reading Contest, 270 Boylston Street, Boston) giving us a suggestion. If we have no suggestions by January 1st, 1931, we shall make up the rules ourselves. In the meantime keep on sending in booknotes and tell your friends about the Contest. Then watch for the February number to see what is going to happen. We shall offer twenty-five books again as prizes. The great question is how shall they be awarded?

Note: The article which follows is the fourth one in which a boy or girl writes of a particular interest. It describes the work of the Press Club at Derby Academy, Hingham, Mass.

THE DERBY PRESS CLUB

By Edward H. Riddle (14)

"Hey, Nelson, pass me a 14 point 'quad,' will you please?"

"Here you are."

"Thanks."

"Do you think this needs any make-ready, Winsor?"

"Let's see. No, that's all right."

"Will you please proof this for me, Polly?"

"What are you setting up, Adelaide?"

"Lucy Rand's poem."

"Well, when you finish that, will you please do 'Locomotive' by Goodell?"

This is the trend of the conversation that flies around the press room of the Derby Press Club when its ambitious staff gets to work setting up the school magazine, *The Quill*.

Last year the headmaster of Derby Academy, Mr. French, suggested to Ransom Lynch, whose father is a printer, that he start a press club in school. Ransom, who thought the idea a splendid one, went to his father and told him of the prospect. Mr. Smith, Ransom's father, went to the American Press Foundation Co. and asked them for an estimate on a press and various accessories needed. We were very lucky to obtain an excellent second-hand press for $40. With the price of the accessories added to this the total price amounted to $200. The first thing to do was to raise the money. Ransom and I sent out notices to the trustees of the school and various other people and soon we had obtained $200 on loan, starting to take interest on January 1, 1930. When the outfit was installed, we had to go through the long process of learning how to use it. The first job to be learned was the setting up of the type. For this we took a trip into Mr. Smith's office in Boston and learned from the experts there how to set the type. Then we went back and practiced on anything we could think of. Soon we had this part of the learning mastered to a certain degree. By constant working and careful watching in his father's

office, Ransom finally learned the entire process of elementary printing, so we looked up to him as our first president. One night Mr. Smith came up and looked the press and club room over. He gave us some helpful suggestions. Then we had our first real meeting. But the organization had no name. So we dubbed the new addition to the school "The Franklin Club," in memory of Benjamin Franklin, America's pioneer printer. We felt quite proud of our "Franklin Club."

Our first job was the programs for Derby Day, the last day of school. We were very excited and we set up the first page in a comparatively short time. Then we took a proof. We all stood around the press as our president turned off the first proof for our first job. And was it a hot proof! This is the way part of it looked:

DƎrBY DRY
Juue 14‘ 1829

So we set the whole thing up again and did it more carefully. The second time we were more successful than the first and we had to make very few changes.

This year we took over the job of printing *The Quill.* We now spend most of our time printing the magazine but once in a while take on a few odd jobs. Our first *Quill* was rather crude but a decided improvement over the mimeographed issues. The advantage of being able to print linoleum block prints on the press was an improvement over the hand-drawn illustrations of last year's issues. Another improvement is in the binding. We used to have to bind single sheets by hand and this process generally took us several days, but now that we can print double sheets, the magazine is stapled, a job of about two hours. Mr. Dwiggins, a nationally known designer, has helped us immensely in the designing of our magazine.

Our treasurer has reported that there is enough money in the treasury to pay back most of our loans, so instead of paying interest we shall pay back the principal.

CONTEMPORARY ILLUSTRATORS OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Compiled by

BERTHA E. MAHONY and ELINOR WHITNEY

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About one hundred and fifty artists will be represented with their own stories and with many illustrations. Seven articles on contemporary illustration and past influences are included and have been contributed by well-known people.

TWO CONTESTS CLOSE JANUARY 1, 1930

THE TRAIL AND LEGEND CONTEST

For boys and girls an award of $50.00 for the best material submitted about the locality in which they live — trails, legends, interesting physical features, and historical happenings.

THE PLAY CONTEST

$500.00 for the best original play for boys and girls. The prize is offered by The Bookshop and The Junior Leagues of New England and Montreal.

Full descriptive fliers of the contest sent upon request

THE HORN BOOK INDEX

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For previous volumes a separate index
is published and may be had for
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